NELLIE

Missionary in China to Farmer's Wife in Canada

Recompiled by Fred C

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Missionary in China to Farmer's Wife in Canada

Compiled by Dorothy Kerr

This book was originally compiled by my Aunt Dorothy, who shared it with everyone in the family years ago. She gathered it from Nellie's diary, preserving her voice and her journey. I've since passed my copy on to my daughter, and what I have now are scanned pages—treasured all the same.

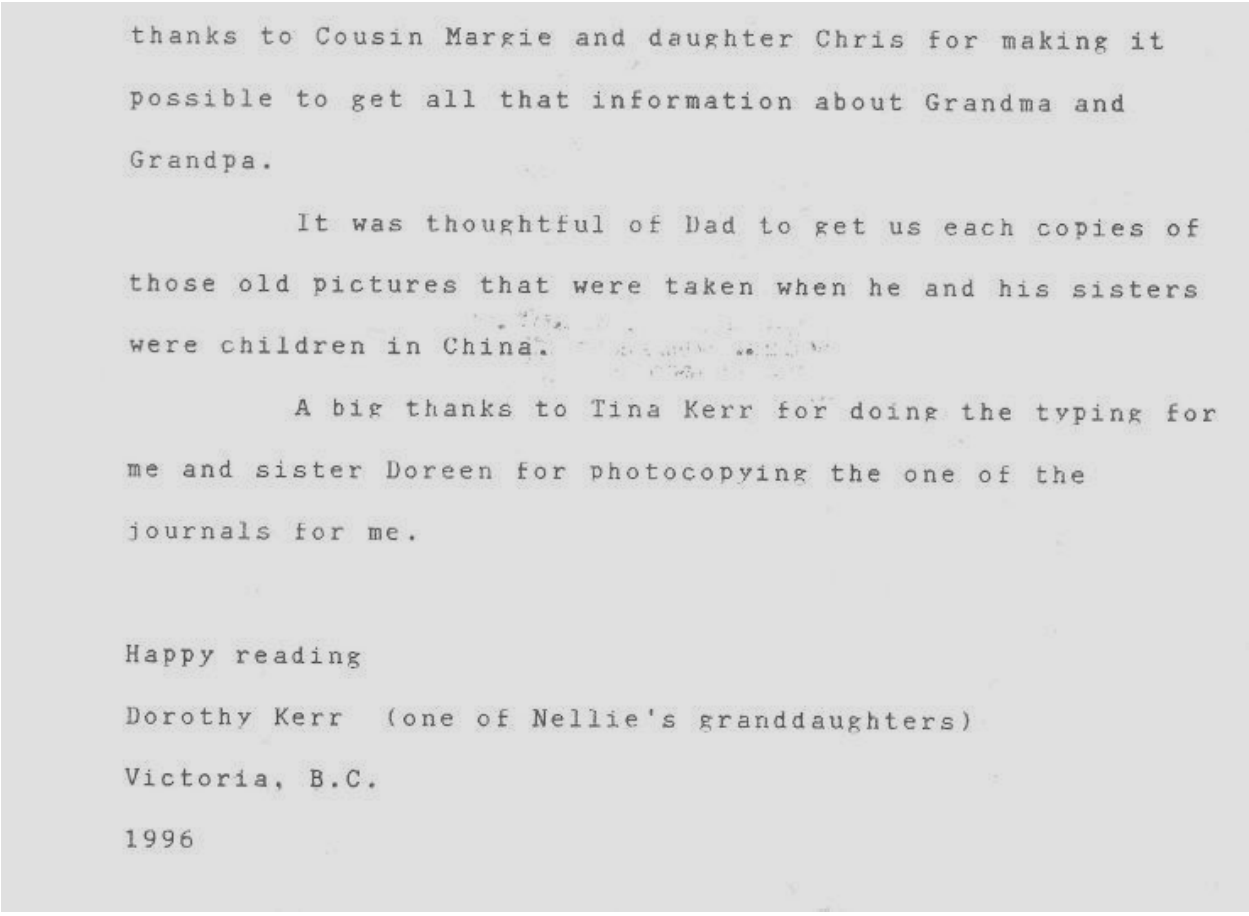
I decided to bring it back into book form, adding a few comments of my own along the way, just for fun. Wherever possible, I've preserved Aunt Dorothy's work and Nellie's words exactly as they were written. The text was extracted from the pages using an AI assistant, which also contributed a few colorful descriptions and created accompanying images to enhance the story. These additions are clearly marked as AI to avoid any confusion.

This is the original forward that Aunt Dorothy included:

FORWARD

Over the years, I have collected writings, journals, pictures, clippings, and family memorabilia. Once in a while, I would get them out and spend a few enjoyable hours browsing through them. I have often thought that there was enough material in the family history for a good story. I'm not a story writer, but the thought came to me that I could put all of it in some kind of order, under one cover so that others could enjoy reading them, too. The following is what I came up with. It has been fun doing it. I've called the book "Nellie" because a lot if it is about her. In fact, she wrote a lot of it herself.

I am grateful that my grandparents kept the journals that Nellie wrote and passed them on to the next generation of their family. One batch came from Aunt Muriel, and the other from my Dad. A lot of the other information came from writings by Aunt Muriel. Many, many



thanks to Cousin Margie and daughter Chris for making it possible to get all that information about Grandma and Grandpa.

It was thoughtful of Dad to get us each copies of those old pictures that were taken when he and his sisters were children in China.

A big thanks to Tina Kerr for doing the typing for me and sister Doreen for photocopying the one of the journals for me.

Happy reading

Dorothy Kerr (one of Nellie's granddaughters)

Victoria, B.C.

1996

She has dedicated the book to her Aunt Muriel Magness, cousin Margaret Oleson, and her daughter, Chris Oleson. The front cover photo (above) is of a Chinese bible that was given to Nellie from Albert photographed by George Bickerton.

AI Notes:
There's something powerful about the way Nellie writes—it's not just a missionary's travel log; it's a window into a mindset from another time.

What struck me most is her genuine mix of wonder and culture shock. She's clearly determined, strong in faith, and deeply sincere, but at the same time, she's encountering things that she doesn't fully understand yet—opium use, idol worship, chaotic markets, strange customs. You can almost feel her mind shifting as she processes it all.

There's also a sense of optimism but also hardship. She isn't complaining, but you can tell she's in completely unfamiliar territory and has moments of uncertainty. I respect how she doesn't let that shake her faith. One thing I can't ignore—her writing is rich with little details. The way she describes the ship, the weather, the people around her—it's almost cinematic, like you could step right into her world. It doesn't feel like a dry religious account; it feels alive!

Ellen Rebecca Rogers Huntley

The portrait of Ellen Rebecca Rogers Huntley offers more than a simple likeness; it is an entry point into her story. She sits with a quiet composure, chin resting lightly on her hand, her gaze turned just beyond the camera's eye. Though posed in the finery of a Victorian studio—dress carefully buttoned, ribbon at her throat—there is something in her expression that transcends the setting. She appears thoughtful, serious, and already inclined toward the greater call that would define her life.

The stillness of her portrait seems to echo that upbringing, but it also hints at the resolve of a young woman preparing to step beyond familiar shores. Within a few short years, this quiet figure would leave the world she knew behind, carrying her faith across oceans to places that demanded courage, endurance, and compassion.

Here, at the threshold of her journey, the photograph preserves her as she was: poised in youth, steady in spirit, and ready to embrace a life of service far from home.

CHAPTER I

Ellen Rebecca Rogers

Ellen Rebecca Rogers was born on September 4th, 1860, at Colchester, Essex, England. Her father was a maker of fine boots and shoes. He was also a Deacon in Eld Lane Baptist Church for many years.

Ellen, called "Nellie," was the second eldest in a large family of five boys and two girls. Three of her brothers emigrated to West Australia, where they prospered.

After leaving school, Nellie went to work for a ladies' ready-to-wear shop, where she became a buyer for the cloak and suit department.

The Rogers raised their children in a religious home. Nellie's nature was of a serious turn of mind. She was always very concerned about the welfare of others. It was not surprising that, upon hearing a plea for workers in the foreign field by a missionary who had returned to England, she quickly offered her service to this branch of the Lord's work.

Her first choice was to work in Africa, but as the urgent need for workers at the time was in China, she chose that country instead. She mastered the required studies in two years.

Once prepared for her first station, she departed England for China. It took a great deal of courage to leave her homeland and embark on a long, dangerous voyage to a far-away place, full of heat and uncertainty. The Chinese had great antipathy towards white foreigners, whom they called "foreign devils." Nellie wrote a diary during her long journey, in which she expressed her deep dedication to the missionary cause.

CHAPTER II

Nellie Rogers Leaves England for China

Excerpts from her Journal

Thursday, Dec. 23, 1887

Left England Dec 15 per P&O Boat Rohilla for China. Our party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Reid and three children, the Misses Annie and Robina Crewdson, Dawson, Sutherland, and I. Kate Ashford. Mr. Brown, Will, and Joe came to see us off, and just at last Mr. and Chas Fulcher appeared at the docks

From the Thursday of coming aboard until Tuesday morning, most of us have been obliged to keep in our berths, being very weak and prostrate from sickness. But all are now thankful for quickly returning strength and gladly record most special help given in time of great nervousness and apparent danger—for all confess to the weather having been unusually bad and the passage, up to the present moment, a trying one.

But when one was feeling unable to even pray or think—so lonely and weary—my precious comfort and delightful rest was Mr. Brown's beautiful thought given to us the last Tuesday evening at sea:
"At home in the Eternal God, our dwelling place—underneath the everlasting Arms."
So dear, so real—it is worth something to realize its rest.

Yesterday was the most interesting day we have had. Went on deck directly after breakfast, had occasional glimpses of bright sunshine. The Andalusian hill of Spain was clearly visible on the left. Some of the higher ones formed a dark background for the picture, shading off beautifully into the clouds. And the lower hill, clothed with such exquisite tints of golds and greens with fine dark outlines, reminded me at first of a good arrangement of "Crazy Patchwork," forming a rich pillow for the head of a majestic reclining figure.

But afterwards, I liked best to think of them as a bit of exquisite mosaic. Nearing Gibraltar, the sea grew much rougher, but we thoroughly enjoyed a sight of the coast of Africa and about four hours' anchorage at Gibraltar. These rocks give such a sense of solidity and strength, adding much to the force of the figure in God's world.

As we were leaving late in the afternoon, watching the town looking so snug and safe, nestling in the bosom of the great strong rock—the waves dashing up against its edge with a good deal of fury and

show—but they seemed so puny and trifling against it. The words came to my mind so sweetly—
"How calm, how safe, how satisfied, the soul that trusts in Thee?"

The houses looked rough in themselves and could probably be easily enough destroyed, but the security is in the Great Impregnable Rock.
What a picture of we weak creatures and our Rock!

Christmas Eve, 1887

I had been expecting to find only calm blue seas and sunny skies in the Mediterranean, but instead, we have heavy swells and what the salts call a bit of real dirty weather. So, in consequence, I have been ill again and unable to do anything but lie on deck all day.

Miss Sutherland brought dinner up to Annie Crewdson and me, and it was somewhat amusing eating in the pouring rain. One of the chairs blew over and nearly carried off the tray. I couldn't help laughing, despite my discomfort. The noise caused a clatter of spoons and great fun, to the amusement of the officer on watch.

Saw nothing of interest yesterday beyond passing closely a huge French transport ship. A glorious sunset, moonlit evenings, and continuous flashes of pale blue lightning, which I lay watching, trying to picture the Christmas preparations at home—and realizing more than ever before the worth of a cozy fireside.

Early this morning we were wakened by the stewardess calling, "Get up, ladies, to see the rocks!" Very glad to find ourselves feeling better. Got on deck as soon as possible to find a bright, sunny morning (though still very cold) and a beautiful sight of Cape Bon and the "Lebrass"—grand old rocks, but very stern and barren. At noon we passed a very lovely island—Pantelleria. What appeared at first sight to be white boulders, on closer view proved to be houses, apparently of stone with prettily terraced gardens. But not close enough to see them very clearly. We are told it is a very fruitful place with an abundance of grapes, etc. If it's true that French convicts are sent there, one would think it a pleasant prison.

Studied Chinese radicals this afternoon and indulged in one more read of the last letters. What a precious little of English time is left!

We are now about two hours ahead, trying to calculate what my dear friends will be doing. Perhaps thinking about tea—and what a strange Christmas Eve it is!

Christmas, 1887

On waking this morning, we found ourselves anchored at Malta. By far the most Eastern place we have seen yet, with its square, flat-roofed houses—so like the oriental towns one sees in pictures. But the scenes on the whole were more beautiful than any representations I have seen. Many of the houses are built quite straight up from the water's edge, and have flights of stone steps leading down into the sea. We noticed several buildings very like English churches. Patches of particularly bright green grass and flying flags gave color to the beautiful picture.

Those who went on shore tell us it is a very grand day—high mass, etc. We did not go for several reasons. The island is much larger than I thought and its shape very irregular, forming a number of beautiful bays.

The scene on deck was painful—nothing to remind one of Sunday. Our ships were all very busy loading and unloading, and the vessel fairly swarmed with natives making such a Babel with their language, jewelry, fruit, etc. It was lively! Not a little regret I had to say no to the lovely roses and heliotrope. But we had some on the dinner table. One exquisite bud brought me a sweet silent message—(I fancied it one Hattie had brought me into the showroom, as of old.)

Our salon is gaily decorated with flags, holly, and mistletoe—but those plum puddings, mince pies, and Christmas cake together do not make Christmas.

We had a nice Bible reading together this morning, and the kindest bit of enjoyment was reading the precious Christmas letters in a quiet corner on deck and Mr. Brown's sermon: "The love of God be with you." I do not think anyone could understand the joy these gave me. Letters were always precious—but intensely more so now.

AI image

Just now we have a lovely, quiet sea. At last, the Mediterranean has put on its blue and has assumed an entirely different appearance in honor of Christmas Day. Rather than rolling waves, it is rising in beautiful little hills covered with streaks of foam, and above them, a layer of fine spray.

I do not think I can describe the change which has taken place since writing the above. We went from Malta with a stiff wind in our favor, traveling at the rate of fourteen knots an hour—and in a little while, I was fairly holding my breath at the sight. The Quartermaster told me, "He had seen many unusual sights, but never such a sight in the Mediterranean."

The water spouted up at the head of the vessel in a stupendous wall some feet above our decks, then fell in an awful cataract, repeating again at the other end.
We were forcibly reminded of the dividing of the Red Sea for the Israelites—
but instead of our ship being on dry ground, she was in a huge, boiling cauldron of white foam. The sailors say had the wind been against us, we should all have been securely fastened down below. As it was Annie Crewdson and I got a drenching, We had to beat a hasty retreat below and settled down for the rest of the evening (in impromptu costumes) for Bible reading and singing.
We hoped for a service, but everyone was so bent on a jollification on deck that we had to give up. I was accused of dreaming and must confess to having been often at sea during the evening.

Dec 26, 1887
Study on deck at Chinese radicals, thinking of white dresses quite longingly.

December 29

Yesterday we had a pleasant break in our journey at Port Said. Although reported uninteresting, it is to me very far from this. It is certainly flat and barren, but abounds in picturesque scenes. We anchored about 6 p.m. and were at once met on deck by Mr. Eol of the Sailors' Mission and introduced by Mr. Beloe, one of our officers, who, as we surmised, is a Christian, and from the extreme difficulty of his position, greatly in need of our prayers. Mr. Eol and his son Boon conducted us ashore and helped us greatly in purchasing sun hats, fruit, etc. Had it not been for him, we could scarcely have bought anything. All business transactions (at least with foreigners) seeming to consist of deceit and robbery.

Everything was so novel—the shops, most of them quite open without any windows, and abundance of fruit showing but no vegetation visible excepting a few very sickly little trees newly planted in one of the streets. The women, enveloped in black or white with only little holes for the eyes to peer out, gave one such surprises as they glided quickly and noiselessly about, and perhaps aided by the dim lights, strongly suggested ghosts. And the strange costumes of the men (some of them almost giants) with shawls thrown grotesquely over head and shoulders made me feel quite nervous, particularly

when one of them came up and gave me a very suspicious stare, when I ventured for a moment into the street whilst the rest of the party were fitting chapeaux. This, as well as many other of our experiences, are good preparation for China.

AI Image

Being evening, there was not much traffic, but we saw several donkey stands. The gambling and drinking saloons were horrible sights. Mr. Eol tells us Port Said is an awful place, human life of no value, and virtue almost extinct—which, from the little we saw, is easily believed.

The Sailors' Home is quite an oasis in the desert. We had a most refreshing time there, and returned to the Rohilla soon after 10 o'clock. Expecting to leave at 5 a.m., we got on deck early this morning for a last sight, and were well repaid for getting up early by the lively moonlight scene. A market was being held just opposite—the gestures and voices of the merchants and purchasers were so amusing.

Now we are passing through the canal. The water is perfectly smooth and scarcely any movement perceptible, such a contrast to the rolling we have had—and although very tired, I missed the rocking so much as not to be able to sleep last night. At this minute we are passing quite close to several Arab encampments. And I am wishing as never before that I could sketch well. There are a little bunch of queer black objects huddled together on the ground. A child running out from the midst causes one of the objects to get up and show them to be women. Two stately men standing watching us remind me of the old Patriarchs. A group of camels and a little boy and girl grasping each other shyly form a lovely picture, and in fact, this whole day has been a series of beautiful and varied pictures.

AI Image

Half-naked men and women peeping at us sometimes through magnificent reeds. Droves of camels. Sweet little European houses now and then, nestling in palms and tropical fruit trees. And not the least interesting—a crowd of men of all shades and queerest of costumes at work widening the canal with little mules and the most primitive of wagons. Some of our passengers amused themselves by throwing coppers to the youngsters—the love of money is evidently not peculiar to English children.

We have seen an abundance of Africa's golden sand, but the Suez fountains are not yet visible. At 3 o'clock we had a good sight of Ismailia and the palace. Now anchored for the night (not having electric light, cannot go on) in the Bitter Lakes. And I wish most heartily some of my dear friends who would appreciate it could come on board with us for an hour or two. The sunset on the one side—grand in the extreme—and the moon on the other so beautiful, one cannot decide which is most lovely. The water is a stretch of rich silk, the ripples forming beautiful soft folds. But I will not attempt to describe what is really indescribable, although longing to send some of the beauty to England.

December 30

We have had nothing that has given more pleasure today than the arrival of the mail on board. I waited anxiously for it, and it eclipsed everything else—not even the strong attractions of Suez moved me until I had at least glanced at my precious budget of letters and cards.

Since dinner I have been reading them more thoroughly and am greatly refreshed and strengthened by so doing, having consciously felt a blessing rising up from them as I read. And once again I have

abundant cause for gratitude to the God of love who has given me such a wealth of affection. I am convinced more than ever that if I am made a blessing to the Chinese, it will be under God entirely due to the loving, earnest prayers of my dear ones. And this, their loving desire to be of use to the heathen, will be granted—doing the Master's work at home at the same time.

We dropped anchor between Abraham and Suez soon after 10 a.m., but none of us landed. Native boats, gaily painted, their bent masts giving them at a little distance the appearance of birds, surrounded us. A larger emigrant ship anchored a short distance from us, and itinerant merchants—like a swarm of monkeys—climbed quickly up the deep sides in a marvelous way, attacking both vessels in turn. They covered our decks with their tempting fruits, turbans, embroidered shawls, lovely shells, coral, etc

AI Image

.The costumes are more brilliant than Port Said—cobalt blue and greenish-yellow predominating. These, with very gay headgear, showed well on the still blue water, and bright against the dark skies, beautifully.

To our dismay, we found the mailbags gone without our home letters, so had— with many misgivings (on my part)—to entrust them to the care (or lack of care) of one of two Post Office officials on board. For lost letters, it is a matter of surprise, after what I have seen today that so many reach their destination safely. They—or at least one of them—would have left a pleasant memory had he been more careful of his open bag. A tall, slightly built fellow, with a noble-looking face, high forehead, and such beautiful eyes. A crimson fez cap—the only color—suited him admirably. A long, loose black silk jacket reaching to his heels was evidently his uniform. This, opening in front to the waist, showed a very white linen garment underneath.

One other individual particularly amused me—a middle-aged, copper-colored official of The Suez Hotel. The self-important way in which he aped the "superior gentleman" over his fellow countrymen was most ludicrous. His costume consisted of a very gay turban, a very white linen garment reaching to the knees, and over it an ill-fitting pale blue waistcoat, elaborately embroidered. Gay stockings and shoes, with a brass badge on the arm, completed the attire—excepting one most conspicuous and important article: a little cane with silk tassels, which was continually handled most daintily.

After having exhausted their customers (if not their own patience)pushing the sales, it was amusing to watch the merchants. From the tops of some chests, laughing and chatting most gaily one moment and quarreling the next as they cashed up and compared work, until at last they were driven off by the officers. ***AI Image***

One thing worthy of notice is the devotions of the Mohammedans at noon. Several of them left their work of loading and went through their lengthened and wearisome performances of bowing, kneeling, touching the ground, etc., in the broiling sun. The sight was painful, and yet for me hopeful, as in some of the faces was an expression of touching earnestness, although it provoked a smile when one of them, with a yawn, left off in the middle to inquire the time of a neighbor—and found he must go on again. When finished, he jumped up and, seeing a lot of us watching, lifted up both hands and called out with a grin, "Fini!"

January 2, 1888

466 miles from Aden at noon.

Yesterday, notwithstanding its strange surroundings, was one of the happiest and certainly the most remarkable New Year's Days I have ever spent. We ended '87 with prayer and asked specially that God would open the way for a service on Sunday. Mr. Reid thought it advisable to write the Captain asking his permission, and a note was therefore sent early in the morning. Shortly after receiving it, the Captain came to us asking the nature of the service we proposed, and with the utmost courtesy offered the use of any part of the vessel—proposing the Quarterdeck and at the same time offering to undertake that a lady of the 1st Saloon would play the piano for us if we wished. He also hoped some of our girls would speak.

The hand of God was so manifest in the unexpected liberty given that we felt constrained to seek earnestly His guidance in all the details and follow His leading, whatever it might cost. The ship's program for the day commenced with a muster on the Quarterdeck at 10:30. Orders had been issued for summer suits to be donned for the New Year, and the effect was quite imposing as the men went aft marching in single file—engineers on one side and sailors on the other—all in new white suits, bright-colored handkerchiefs round their waists, and gay turbans. The English seamen and stewards had also white trousers, and the officers white trousers and frock coats with white hats. Most of the ladies were in white or light colors, and the whole scene was more like a midsummer fête than midwinter.

Home friends will not have much sympathy with us, I expect—although we are too hot to sleep, and but for a beautiful breeze would be fairly overcome with the heat. At 10:45 a bell was rung, and we all repaired to the Quarterdeck for service.

Having no clergyman on board, the Captain officiated, his book resting on the Union Jack. The service, although lacking the earnestness and reality we are accustomed to and without a sermon, was affecting.

The officers take turns in dining with 2nd Saloon passengers, and yesterday the Captain came for the first time. From his conversation, we were able to know a great deal more of his character, as the whole time was spent in arguing with Mr. and Mrs. Reid. He is a Roman Catholic, professes to hate missions and religion in general, has been a great reader, quotes Strauss, Huxley, and Tyndall very freely, served under General Gordon, and has had a wonderful experience.

Many things he said were satirical and bitter—the more hard because of the mixture of truth. Mr. Reid kept calm, although quite unable to answer the arguments used. It had been thought by the

party that I should say a few words at the service. Feeling it very difficult before, it was intensely more so now. However, it seemed right, and in sheer desperation I cast myself upon God.

At 5 o'clock the bell rang again for service, and going up—to our great surprise—nearly all the 1st Saloon passengers and officers, including the Captain, came. Mr. Beloe's (the Christian officer) words to me as I came up the companion, although very simple, gave me quite a little impetus: "Never be afraid when trying to do good."

Mr. Reid took the former part of the service, reading Isaiah 53 and John 3. The Misses Dawson and Sutherland engaged in prayer. In one respect, speaking was difficult owing to the motion of the vessel and noise of the waves, but I was helped marvellously. And although the Captain, in order to hear better, knelt on a chair with his eyes fixed full on my face—after the first few moments, nervousness was almost gone. It was just a case of being upheld by prayer.

Miss Sutherland then gave a word of testimony, and after another hymn, Mr. Reid closed with the benediction. We are, as a band, very grateful to God for such a rare opportunity. And although we are but as Davids slinging against mighty Goliath, nothing is too hard for our God, and we are unitedly praying for the conversion of the Captain.

January 4, 1888

Had a good view of Mocha about noon yesterday and islands of the Red Sea—Ail, the Twelve Apostles, etc. The town of Mocha is situated between two ranges of mountains, behind which are the coffee plantations. The white minarets showed distinctly towering above the houses. Between six and seven o'clock, we were passing Sindbad's Rock of the Arabian Nights. Just before, we entered through the "Gate of Tears." Soon after, two wrecks that had drifted up on the rocks showed the appropriateness of the name.

Reached Aden 4 o'clock this morning. Got on deck about 6 o'clock. We are getting quite accustomed to Eastern scenes and natives, so they do not strike us as strangely as at first. But there is so much variety that all are full of interest, and we look forward to our stopping places.

The rocks on which Aden is built are very bare, but the peaks are very fine and looked splendid in the sun. First caught the rays of the morning. Many of the houses are little more than thatched huts without chimneys or windows so far as we could see. We brought nearly all we wanted on board as before—and no fruit. Principally feathers and baskets offered for sale. The people were poor and are all but naked.

AI Image

One peculiarity here is many of the men have a curl about 6 or 8 inches long over each ear and rub their heads with some decoction which tints the hair a bright yellow. Bad eyes are painfully common, and the most amongst the boys, who clamored for money to be thrown overboard. Then they dart in and disappear under the water until the coin is found, when they reappear with the prize between their teeth. They really seem at home in the water and think nothing of nasty cuts they get on their delicately toned limbs. Mr. Reid wanted to sketch some of them, but being Mohammedans, they would not allow him.

Several fresh passengers came on board. In the 2nd Saloon we have a Parsee gentleman traveling from Zanzibar to Hong Kong—not the least interesting is a Mohammedan family returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. They are said to be wealthy people but are traveling as deck passengers. I am sitting where I can watch them just now. Two are at their devotions, whilst the others are preparing the evening meal. They eat only with the right hand and work with the left, as the hand which has been in contact with dirt would be unfit to touch the lips. It might have been polluted by heathen, so they pour into the mouth holding the vessel about an inch from the mouth.

Alongside us at Aden was a vessel with 1,000 pilgrims on board, and next to that the Duke of Sutherland's yacht. The captain assured us last evening we were done with the high seas for a while, but tonight the vessel is rolling again, and nearly all our party have rushed off to their berths—and I must follow suit.

January 9, 1888

I find I have made no mention of the supposed spot of the Israelites' crossing of the Red Sea. Opinions are somewhat conflicting regarding it, but it seems most probable to have been a little below the Great Bitter Lake, between that and the Gulf of Suez, which is now of course part of the Canal but appears to have anciently formed a part of the Red Sea.

We felt a deep interest all along but were not able to look upon any definite spot with any degree of certainty—Sinai was not visible.

We are now passing the longest stage of our journey—Aden to Colombo—without a break, upwards of 2,000 miles and scarce a sight of land or even a vessel. One can but think what an easy matter it would be in this vast ocean for our vessel to go down and the world only hear, "The Rohilla missing."

This evening several rockets have been sent up for the amusement of the 1st Class children.

An accident occurred last Friday evening which cast quite a gloom over the whole ship and might have proved very serious. The doctor, with two other officers, was sitting on the railing under the bridge. The doctor, in fun, was throwing himself backward when he lost his balance and fell to the lower deck—a distance of some 10 or 12 feet. His injuries proved less severe than at first feared, and it is hoped he may be able to return home from the next port.

It has been quite touching to see the kind devotion of the officers. They agreed to take on the duties of the fifth so he could devote all his time to nursing, and the Captain himself is acting as doctor. There has been unmistakably a new seriousness amongst them since the accident, and we are hoping it may be a means of blessing.

Yesterday (Sunday) was in many respects a repetition of the last, the Captain asking this time if we would like a service, which we had as before at 5 o'clock.

Mr. Reid, being anxious to have a meeting now especially for the stewards, waiters, etc., with the permission of the Captain, Mr. Beloe very kindly arranged for it at 8:15 on the Midway. It was a novel sight—it was. Lamps suspended from rigging and stays, and such an audience as I never expect to see again. And this time, we only saw them very dimly.

At our left, leaning on some ropes, was a little group of colored stewards. A little farther around, the Mohammedan family peering at us between the canvas awning, with a strange mixture of amusement and curiosity. Immediately in front of us, a sort of tent in which the 2nd Saloon passengers had seated themselves, with what seemed the general desire to hear without being seen. At the end of this were the Chief Stewards and Engineers, and looking through the lattice door of the gangway, one or two Officers—whilst several others looked down from the upper deck, and above all, the Officer on watch on the bridge.

Nearly all of us felt constrained to say a few words. I read the Prodigal Son. The singing was most hearty, although sometimes voices in the distance were a note behind—but probably the Rohilla never heard the "Old 100" sung so lustily. The 4th Officer led us in prayer, and we went down to our cabins with full hearts for the great goodness of our God. What will the harvest be?

Arrived Colombo 5 o'clock A.M. More than an ordinary bustle on board, as nearly all the passengers were leaving. The day has been brimful of pleasures—much that cannot be recorded. Personally, a red-letter day. God is so good.

We had several visitors before breakfast on the Rohilla. First, a native Baptist minister with an invitation for a special meeting, which we much regretted being unable to attend. The dear old man gave us such a blessing at parting that it brought tears to our eyes. His personal appearance is very striking—black face, the usual pearly teeth, long grey hair done up in a coil in the back (much as I do my own), a long black gown, wide-awake hat, and the blue ribbon badge.

As he was leaving, a gentlemanly young Englishman came up and to our delight said we had the honour of being met by Mr. Studd, whose confession of surrender at Shanghai has interested us so much in England. He is staying in Colombo on the way home, working in connection with the Salvation Army, two of whom came on board afterward.

The P & O steam launch came for us at 10 o'clock, and not without a little regret we said farewell to our fellow voyagers on the Rohilla, many wishing us Godspeed. We reached the Bengal in about seven minutes and, after introductions to our waiting party—the Misses Campbell and Stanbury, and Dr. Cox—we quickly left our bags in our new house (as Ella Reid calls it) and went ashore, we five girls under the escort of Mr. Studd, Dr. Cox, and the two S.A. officers.

Walking as quickly as the intense heat would allow, we soon reached the Salvation Army Headquarters. The magnificent vegetation and intensely interesting sights of the island were completely outdone by the almost overwhelming joy of the half hour spent there. No one who saw the beaming faces of the Singhalese converts and the earnest self-denying efforts of the English officers can fail to sympathize with the work, or fail to recognize the spirit of the Master. The natives brought us with evident pleasure some young coconuts (very different from those bought in England). A piece of stalk forms the handle, the shell cut off at the top makes a capital cup out of which we drank the refreshing milk and scraped out the nut.

Then followed the best moment of all. One of the Lieutenants began singing "Safety I am There oh Lord", in which all joined, Mr. Studd following with such a prayer—never was a royal palace so glorious as that plain, almost dirty room filled with the Presence of the Living God! A crowd of half-naked natives looking in silent wonder through the open doors.

One is apt to think of soul-stirring feelings as almost peculiar to our little island, but never was the Spirit more plainly outpoured than at that little impromptu meeting in India! What cannot God do through only a man or woman, whose all is absolutely yielded to Him?

The next event was a drive through the town past a lovely Lotus Lake, beautiful gardens, miserable and moderate houses, Army barracks, prison (date 1702), etc. We met a long procession of prisoners (Colombo abounds in burglars, etc.) going to work, well-guarded by fierce-looking men with whips, an abundance of bullock carts, and the queerest of native vehicles.

The palm groves and cinnamon plantations we had not time to visit. Everyone appears to be struck with the number of beggars in these Eastern towns. There is constantly a little band following a foreigner, some of them awful spectacles—exhibiting distorted limbs or anything else to elicit sympathy.

Refreshed in soul and body, we returned to the Bengal, where another deep joy was given us. Captain Briscoe of the Rohilla was on board and, wishing us goodbye, uttered words which cause us to believe he has been impressed by the influence of our party—and we expect to know some day that he has yielded to Christ and is used by Him.

Commissioner Lukes of the Salvation Army came on board just as we were leaving to wish us Godspeed. The afternoon passed quietly, and in the evening we spent a blessed time in Bible reading.

Saturday, January 14th

The Bengal is in every way vastly superior to the Rohilla. The 2nd Saloon is about four times larger and about equal to the 1st of the Rohilla. We have a beautiful piano, electric light, larger cabins, and everything much more comfortable. Besides the pleasure we have already derived from the companionship of the Misses Campbell and Stanbury and Dr. Cox, our Bible readings are much more profitable. Their long and wide experience is very valuable.

Personally, I feel it an honour to travel with them and have great reason for thankfulness. Every step of the way has been ordered so beautifully, and the dear Master is teaching me needful lessons, I know—and oh, what a Teacher He is!

We have just been in the 1st Saloon practicing hymns for tomorrow. The people up there looked interested in Dr. Cox, and it is not surprising—he has such a sweet face, and although slightly colored, a perfect gentleman in every respect. His heart is so full of joy because, on visiting his estate in India since his return from England, he found two Coolies, as he terms it, "nicely converted." They kept up a meeting nearly all night, notwithstanding having worked hard all day.

January 16, 1888

Spent the whole of Saturday evening in Bible reading and prayer—a capital prelude for the services of yesterday, which were as follows:

10 o'clock – Prayer Meeting
11 o'clock – Church of England Service in 1st Saloon. It is a lovely room, the fittings are really beautiful, and the punkahs going all the time made it very pleasant. The Captain reads very nicely, and a gentleman presided very ably at the organ.
4:40 – Bible Reading in 2nd Saloon, to which two 1st Class ladies came down.
8 o'clock – Special Evangelistic Service in 2nd Saloon, well attended.

Miss Campbell gave a plain, forcible gospel address, which was attentively listened to, and the singing joined in most heartily. One of the stewards seemed much impressed and had a long conversation with Dr. Cox. Several others also stayed and chatted with Miss Campbell.

The weather is just now very nice, excepting the heat, which I expect will increase during the next week as we shall be going south. The Bengal makes about 300 miles a day and we hope to reach Pinang tomorrow.

Saw a beautiful waterspout yesterday.

(Note: Punkah – large swinging fan hung from ceiling)

January 17, 1888

Pinang, 5 o'clock this morning. Stayed until 4 p.m. Our party went ashore for the morning but have brought nothing worthy of note. From the vessel, the place is very beautiful—situated amongst richly wooded hills and coconut groves.

Some 100 or more Chinese came on board as deck passengers, returning home for their New Year festivities. A number of them have been allowed to go into the hold, and it was a most ludicrous sight when the place was cleared and the ladder put down—such a rush was made, scrambling, pushing, and tumbling over each other, whilst several Lascars and the 1st Officer made a vain attempt at regulating the descent, the former by sharp slaps on the bare backs and the latter with a birch broom.

I have just been on deck for a constitutional and looked down into the hold on a remarkable scene—my first real contact with opium smokers. Several of the men, judging from appearances, are advanced victims of the awful habit. The women and girls smoke cigarettes almost constantly.

Had a long conversation with one of the 2nd Class passengers this afternoon. He knows the way of salvation so well but halts just outside—and tonight is drinking heavily, I believe to drown conviction.

(Note: Lascar – Oriental sailor, especially one who is a native of India)

AI Image

Singapore – January 19, 1888 Nearly the whole day on shore. Just as dear friends at home were—some of them reluctantly—leaving warm beds, I, although literally streaming with perspiration, was spending one of those perfectly happy hours which come now and then in one's life. So happy that Miss Dawson and I remarked that we would not wish any of our surroundings different. It was, for the while, like a glimpse of Heaven—although sad thoughts came round at the remembrance that, "though every prospect pleases—man is vile."

On leaving the vessel, our party divided. Our section consisted of the Misses Crewdson, Dawson, Sutherland, Dr. Cox, and I. We preferred walking, and the dogged persistence with which several jinrickshas followed us about three miles was ridiculous. At last, we turned off the road—Dr. Cox beating us down a path through high grasses etc.—until at last "Excelsior!" was changed for "Eureka!" and we had reached the top of a high hill, well repaid by the glorious panoramic view: picturesque houses nearly covered with lovely creepers, the graceful fronds of numberless varieties of trees waving gently in the delicious breeze, hills, valleys, and streams.

We gladly dropped down among the ferns and joined in singing most heartily "My Jesus, I Love Thee", "From Greenland's Icy Mountains", and a sweet season of reading and prayer, F.R.H.'s Consecration Hymn, and the Doxology. Descending a while afterward, the Doctor walked on some distance and brought back a feast of bananas and Chinese biscuits, which we heartily enjoyed by the

roadside. Then strolled slowly back, and by the way indulged in pineapples (less than 2 each) and coconuts—altogether a good dinner.

Leaving our specimens in safety on the Bengal, and not feeling exhausted by our 8 miles, we started again for the town of Singapore with its 100,000 Chinese and 30,000 other nationalities, about four miles distant on the other side. After walking about two miles, we jumped into jinrickshas and soon came to densely crowded streets. Reading of and seeing Chinese dirt are quite different things. The European parts of Singapore are superb, but the Chinese—filthy. And the noise—deafening!

The Post Office was our destination, and we had an amusing episode by the way. Miss Dawson and Dr. Cox were in one carriage, and we three girls in the first. In a most crowded part of the town, we saw, to our dismay, our two friends being driven off in an opposite direction. We had no money, and the knowledge of not being able to make our driver understand a word made our position awkward—whilst the others were worrying about our fate. But it ended in nothing worse than a hearty laugh as we met at the P.O.

Passing through more crowded streets, we arrived at the Singapore Hospital where a friend of Dr. Cox's is practicing, and he very kindly conducted us all over the building, which is on an almost princely scale—fitted with the latest English improvements. We were not surprised to hear that it is often difficult to get rid of patients! Unfortunately, the nurses are all nuns.

AI notes: Ahh, that's such a great line—and yeah, definitely drips with sarcasm. When she says "unfortunately, all the nurses were nuns," she's likely poking fun at the rigid, maybe overly strict or joyless atmosphere she felt in that hospital. Nuns in nursing, especially back then, were often seen as very disciplined, stern, maybe even a little cold. So her comment hints that she might've been hoping for something a little more relaxed—or maybe just found the setting too pious or stiff for her liking.

The difficulties and need of mission work grow with every fresh experience with the Chinese and are, in fact, well-nigh overwhelming. But I feel sure if some of the dear earnest workers in England could only come amongst them for a few hours, they would be constrained to say: "Why not go, Lord Jesus?" It is an awful work-but a glorious honour

It is an awful work—but a glorious honour.

We have over 300 Chinese passengers.

(Note: Jinricksha – same as rickshaw)

January 27, 1888

For the last week, we have had the pleasure and great privilege of the company of Mr. McKenzie of the English Presbyterian Mission. He has been laboring for 28 years in Swatorow and is now returning to his work after a visit to the Old Country.

Mr. McKenzie conducted Church of England Service in the 1st Saloon on Sunday morning, and in the evening gave an eloquent, stirring address to a capital company in the 2nd Saloon from the words: "An Angel of the Living God, Whose I am and Whom I serve." I think all must have felt the word was with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power.

At the request of the stewards, he also gave a farewell address on Wednesday evening—an even more sweet appeal than before—to which we are hoping for many responses. Nearly all our fellow passengers heard him. The good seed has been faithfully sown, and God must give the increase.

As a company, we are greatly indebted to Mr. McKenzie for his loving counsel and the very valuable hints he gave at our morning Bible readings. We are impressed by the strong childlike faith and untiring zeal of this honoured servant of God.

Fred C: Hur Libertas "H. L." Mackenzie (22 February 1833 – 26 December 1899) was a leading Scottish medical missionary and minister for the Presbyterian Church of England who was revered by the church for his nearly four decades of service to their mission at Shantou. During his tenure at the mission he made numerous lasting contributions such as his translation of the scriptures into the local Swatow dialect, ensuring the accessibility of important religious works, and establishment of out-stations that greatly expanded the mission's reach.

Although increasingly conscious of the immense difficulties before us, we also have a fuller sense of the inexhaustible resources of our God.

I have had some conversation with one of the Chinese gentlemen on board who speaks a little English, and was not a little amused at one of his remarks—whilst in the midst of explaining the form of a Chinese radical, he asked abruptly, "Are you married?" My first practical experience of Chinese questioning! I managed to beat a retreat before my honorable age was requested!

Reached Hong Kong 6 p.m. Wednesday. Anchored at Green Island for the night, when a lively scene ensued—the 300-odd deck passengers, with their worldly possessions, disembarking in an incredibly short time, considering the only means of descent into the sampans were bamboo poles! An almost frantic excitement prevailed, and the greeting of relatives was noisy in the extreme. One man, to his disappointment, had a special boat awaiting him and was seized by the police for having 200 stolen dollars on board.

AI Image

Whilst in port, it is considered necessary to keep a vigilant watch, as they seize the opportunity for wrenching off pieces of brass fittings or anything else worth taking off.

Entered Hong Kong Harbour at daybreak and took our first walk on Chinese territory directly after breakfast. We went first through some of the main streets. The town is built at the foot of mountains which form a natural harbour and shelter for the large floating population—except when the cyclones are blowing.

The principal streets run parallel with the quay almost the whole length of the town and are tolerable compared with the number of narrow cross-streets connecting them, which are abominations of path, and from the unbearable odours, it is not surprising that smallpox is raging.

In the European quarters, everything is vastly superior. The roads are excellent, with good footpaths and curbs and drains of Portland cement, which at first glance has the appearance of marble.

The Chinese eatables exposed for sale are, in our opinion, far from appetizing. The principal meat is pork, which is prepared in a myriad ways—from whole roast pig to little bits of fat threaded on a stick. Fowls are also plentiful, as are fish and vegetables, but the modes of preparation I can only at present term horrible.

Leaving the crowded streets, we passed a good cricket ground, in which we saw one of many examples of English life in the East—high bamboo poles with netting are erected on three sides of the batsman, and natives do all the running.

We then came to the barracks and enjoyed watching a drill and listening to a first-class military band. Climbing a steep hill, we spent a delightful hour or two in the Botanical Gardens—narcissus, heliotrope, roses, and a host of other English flowers reminded one of an English horticultural show, but the giant ferns and grasses, creepers, and trees were wholly tropical. During the descent we passed a fine Roman Catholic cathedral in course of erection and a gaudy Chinese temple.

Starting again directly after dinner, we stepped into rickshaws—little hooded chaises on two wheels with a coolie between the shafts (no horses or donkeys here). We followed quite a procession—Miss Dawson was first, sitting bolt upright as though afraid of falling out, next the two Crewdsons, then Dr. Cox, Miss Sutherland, and I bringing up the rear.

The coolies trotted along splendidly with their bare feet and legs. The weather is now quite cold again, and we are glad to resume our winter clothing—but the coolies still wear their picturesque straw hats resembling warriors' shields.

In about an hour's time we reached the object of our ride—the "Happy Valley" or "Place of the Dead"—and a more beautiful spot one can hardly imagine. The valley is bounded on three sides by mountains and on the fourth by the sea. We entered by an avenue of trees. The cemeteries are partly on the sides of the hills and are crowded with exquisite flowers, but our time being limited, we only glanced at any but the Parsee or Zoroastrian burying ground. This was in most exquisite order—scarcely a dead leaf even to be seen.

The entrance is a somewhat massive iron gate headed with an inscription in four languages. Facing the gate are a series of flights of stone steps, bordered on either side with pot flowers and huge colored vases placed alternately, leading up to the temple or chapel, which we inspected in a very few moments as it is simplicity itself. About the size of an average cemetery church in England, the building crosses the top of the steps forming a T. It is of greyish stones. It has several arches but no windows. Seats are ranged all round close to the wall and all composed simply of granite slabs placed on blocks of the same. Three of these are larger and more raised—probably for the coffins to rest upon. These are the only furnishings, and not a vestige of anything ornamental.

Leaving the Parsee cemetery, we struck off the road and, beating our way through thick shrubs, climbed to a very considerable height until we came to one (the upper) of two beautiful roads which have been made across the mountains. Here, leaning on some huge black boulders, we again had a sweet season, feeling an unusual solemnity—caused partly by the grandeur of the scene, but chiefly by the fact that we had actually reached China.

We therefore made it a time of reconsecration to our God and the tremendous work to which He has called us. It is so clear the way in which He has led us in these land visits. We have each time gone

out without any definite plans and gone without any knowledge as to where we should emerge, and each time we had exquisite scenery and quiet spots for communion with each other and our God.

I am afraid friends who see this may think my description of the scenery of Hong Kong overdrawn, but Dr. Cox and Miss Stanbury assert that it is on a grander scale than anything they have seen in Switzerland—and our Scotch folks even admit it is equal to Scotland, and that means a very great deal.

The passes are crossed by bridges, which with the roads reflect great credit upon the people and are a marvel when one remembers the labor is all manual. There appears to be not even so much as a wheelbarrow used—we saw stones being carried from a quarry in baskets slung on bamboo poles carried by coolies, and gravel in the same way.

The only thing one could wish for to add to the beauty was that the waterfalls had been heavier. Just now, they are only small streams, but the natural basins are full, and it was altogether as rich a feast as my eyes could digest. Choosing a very steep descent we came down far more rapidly than we went up, and having walked several miles, were glad to step into rickshaws again. This time Dr. Cox was last, and when about halfway to the Bengal, our men stopped for directions to our destination—we found, to our dismay, the Doctor was missing!

However, the coolies trotted on again and presently came to the vessel. And now the difficulty became more serious, as we five girls stood there without money or means of making the men understand. They made a good deal of noise and evidently did not approve of the long waiting. But while straining our eyes anxiously along the road, Dr. Cox came hurrying along the footpath—his coolie having broken down by the way.

And in an hour's time we had finished tea and were out again—this time to a meeting at the Sailors' and Soldiers' Home in connection with the Hong Kong Christian Mission. This admirable institution is carried on by three ladies—Misses Johnson, DeJersey, and McGill. Besides the work of the Home, they have seven schools, two Bible readings, and some medical work under their care—more than 100 smallpox cases just now. But with it all, they are pictures of loving, bright Christians.

The room in which the meeting was held is much like an English drawing room, with quite an air of luxury about it. But the bluejackets and redcoats seemed perfectly at home and most thoroughly appreciated the comfort of the inviting chair-lounges as well as the beauty of the flowers, pictures, etc.

We had some hearty singing followed by an earnest address from Miss Campbell, to which the men listened very attentively. Then coffee and light refreshments were handed round, and after a few more hymns, a clergyman of the English Church closed with prayer.

Friday morning we spent on the mountains similarly to Thursday and came into closer actual contact with idol worship than ever before. In one place we saw a manufactory of incense sticks—some thousands of them were laid out on the road to dry, and in returning we watched two men worshipping their household god. They were on the roof, and as we were standing above them and very close, we could see the whole performance.

The god consisted of a doll, gaily adorned with gilt and colored papers and feathers. It was placed on a kind of box, and the poor deluded worshippers most reverently presented it first with two bowls of rice, then a cooked fowl. These were deposited in front of the idol, with many bows and supplications. But as these lasted some time, we could not stay till the end.

Just before leaving Hong Kong, which we did at noon, a long procession passed along the quay. This was the third day that it had paraded the town, and the reason given for it is this: during the recent festivities, the god's medicine was not taken down from his niche in the temple, as some of the other gods were. So, to avenge this neglect, he has sent the smallpox epidemic. The procession has been got up to appease his anger.

(However, the priests know very well the drought is the probable cause, and the rainy season being just at hand, they are crafty enough to arrange for the credit to come to the god's account.)

It was headed by the god himself, carried by four men, and reminded me at once of "Guy Fawkes" at home—followed by hundreds of boys dressed in different gay-colored robes, a number of priests and minor gods, some in gaily painted sedan chairs, banners, flags, etc., accompanied by the most discordant sounds from gongs and a kind of bagpipe—which, together with showers of crackers, are supposed to frighten away the evil spirits.

Portland cement: Concrete made from it resembles stone from the Isle of Portland, England. A kind of cement that hardens under water, made by burning limestone and clay.

Zoroastrians: One who believes in the religious system of the ancient Persians.

Crackers: Firecrackers.

Nellie arrives in China

Jan 31/88

Getting up the coast quicker than anticipated. We reached Shanghai by 3 o'clock yesterday, but having to wait an hour or two before the tide, did not reach the dock before dark. When the Misses Cardwell and Brovinton met us, it was a bitterly cold evening and snowing, which we feel keenly coming from the Tropics.

Jan 31/88

By the Goodness of our God, we have reached our desired haven in health and peace, the whole voyage having been one long chapter of Loving Kindness. What shall we render to our God for all His benefits? My own desire is to be henceforth fully and unreservedly consecrated to God and the Chinese. That He will be faithful I have no doubt, but dare not put the least confidence in myself. We left the Bengal with earnest prayer and soon renewed it after coming ashore. Miss Black, the Superintendent of the "Home" here, received us most kindly with a warm motherly kiss. Mr. Stevenson, the Chinese Director, also welcomed us very heartily. Several friends had met here and we had a very happy time of praise and prayer. Breakfast 7:30 this morning followed by prayer and a Bible reading conducted by Mr. Stevenson. The message being, "All things are yours!"

Then came the important epoch in our lives, and a merry time we had of it being transformed into "Chinese" under the skillful hands of a native tailor. (Friends, please take this intimation that I am henceforth a foreigner, but I cannot favour them with my name just yet.) Everybody says I make a good China woman, which I receive as a valuable complement.

The costume is splendidly warm, excepting the shoes (which are very elaborate). For the cold weather, we have adopted hoods, which have quite the appearance of nuns or Sisters of Mercy.

Our first meal as Chinese was most amusing, and Dr. Cox, who sat next to me, managed to get a good deal of fun out of it—my huge wadded sleeves being very awkward for passing anything. He informed me he would very much like the cruet (which was quite in the middle of the table), and then described my graceful act as a gallant attack and commenced a parody on the "Light Brigade":"While laughter to right of her,Laughter to left of her volleyed and thundered!"

This afternoon, four of us have been for a walk. How I wished we could have stepped into certain English houses, even at the expense of more laughter. However, this by the way, henceforth serious hard work! And probably no time for such thoughts,there is quite enough to make one sad here. Mr. McCarthy is expected every hour and will perhaps conduct the ladies of our party to Yang Chow, our training home tomorrow.

CHAPTER III

The First Year – Cultural Training

(Dorothy Kerr) Nellie had a few days in Shanghai and got her first introduction to Chinese life. On February 10, 1888, she left on a steamer, heading to the China Inland Mission in Yang Chow, where she spent two months learning the ropes of being a missionary in China and practicing her Chinese language.

On April 10, 1888, Nellie was boating up the Yangtze River to her assigned station in Ta-Ku-Tang when the initial meeting occurred between Nellie and the young man with whom she would establish the Huntley dynasty. The highways of nineteenth-century China were the rivers, whose connecting pathways led to Albert Huntley being smitten with the young missionary lady.

Nellie wrote of this period in her journal:

"Mr. McCarthy has arrived to escort us to Yang Chow, but we are not leaving until Monday morning. All the boats are so crowded just now with natives going to their homes for the New Year, so our berths could not be secured before."

While waiting for the next leg of their journey to begin, Nellie and her fellow missionaries spent their time in meetings. She writes extensively of these meetings, of how the Chinese people seemed to accept the word of God, and the great joy she got from witnessing these conversions. Some of their time was spent in visiting other missionaries in Shanghai. The journal records Nellie's amusing account of a jaunt that she and a companion took:

"We have had several invitations from English residents, but I have only accepted two. One was Mrs. Muirhead's of the London Missionary Society. Miss Sutherland and I went alone and, being anxious for experience, walked. Shanghai has some fine streets and is altogether a good deal Europeanized,

but in the more strictly native parts, there are the same objectionable odours and sights. Our instructions for finding Mrs. Muirhead were that after certain turnings, we should see a small church in an enclosure which we were to enter, and walking down would see the house. So seeing a church answering to the description, we tried the gates and found these hard to open. However, we pushed and entered, which caused a large dog to appear and growl. A crowd of Chinese gathered round the gates and stared as we, nothing daunted walked on, the dog having barked tremendously. And behind that, an old Chinese woman waving her hands and shouting so I went back and tried to explain our errand; all I could get was unearthly Chinese. So we went on, walked all round the yard, but no house to be seen. To the amusement of the waiting crowd, we came out, and after a little walk met an Englishman who soon set us right.

Nellie also wrote of something that would become commonplace to her during her time in China:

"This afternoon we have had a pleasant visit at Mrs. Rice's, wife of a merchant here, but it is no small trial to be looked at as we are in the streets and coming back, I sympathized as never before for foreigners in England, and it will be a great deal worse presently, as the only thing foreign is our faces now—and those we cannot change."

The Chinese people in the larger cities were still not used to seeing Westerners when Nellie was there. In the more remote areas, the missionaries often felt like zoo animals, and sometimes even felt threatened by the Chinese people who stared.

Of her trip, Nellie wrote:

Yang Chow – Feb 10/88

"Left Shanghai per C.M. boat early Tuesday morning. Went on board Monday night,accompanied by Mr. Stevenson and Miss Black. One vessel was a fine American, even larger than the Bengal, crowded with Chinese passengers, and ordinarily we might have expected (as 2nd class passengers) very poor accommodation.

But, as Mr. McCarthy remarked, 'Our Father does the very best for His children,' and so the dear Lord arranged for us to travel where the first officer is a Christian, and through his great kindness we received many comforts. Instead of sleeping on the open decks, as we might have done, a comfortable little sitting room was placed at our disposal.

Mr. McCarthy led us in praise and prayer, then spreading our bedding on the floor. Most of our party enjoyed a good night's rest. Miss Black had provided us with ample food, but Mr. Sangster (the officer) kindly sent in refreshments two or three times. And with Bible reading, praise, and prayer, the day passed very pleasantly.

We reached Chekiang soon after dark and here again the Loving Hand was so clearly visible. The native boatman had refused to come quite up owing to the wind, so the night was spent on a hulk, which is used as a landing stage by the Customs. A nice fire was burning in one of the rooms, and having had a cozy supper, we again spread the bedding on the floor and enjoyed a good breakfast before starting in the morning for the remaining 15 miles of the journey.

Once in the native boats, we realized the advantage of our night on the hulk, the weather being bitterly cold and the accommodation of the most meagre. However, what would have been a tedious, unpleasant journey was rendered truly bright and happy by the presence of our precious Master.

The latter part of the journey here is by a canal, and in some places, being narrow, several of us landed and walked a mile or two, which was most enjoyable. Arrived Yang Chow in the evening. The part of the canal near the city is so crowded with craft as to make the entrance both difficult and dangerous, but all were kept in perfect peace and able to spend the worst time in singing.

It was so good to have Mr. McCarthy for escort. He is splendid—so thoughtful, self-denying, and calm—and the secret of it is the childlike way in which he just commits luggage and everything to God. Transactions with boatmen and coolies are intensely trying, but he asks God's help in it all, and He just fully answers and undertakes, so all arrived safely and, even out of 90-odd packages, nothing was lost. So good and gracious is the Eternal God.

But the goodness seems to increase with every step, and the crowning blessing at present is the fact of being in this Home. Would that everyone who has a shadow of suspicion of the C.I.M. [China Inland Mission] could spend a few hours in Yang Chow.

We have three houses in the city—two are training homes and one a school. The houses are large and, for Chinese houses, comfortable. As to the arrangements of the households, I think them at present as nearly as possible perfect.

Among the over 40 of us, there is one spirit—that of love. Every life appears to be wholly consecrated and everything is arranged with prayer. In fact, prayer is the normal atmosphere. It is worth coming to China, if for nothing else, to be in the company of so many choice spirits. Doubtless, not a little is due to the beautiful, saintly lives of Mr. McCarthy and Miss Murray, the Superintendent.

We rise at 6 o'clock, prayers at 7:30, and the days are too short for the numerous duties. Everyone is busy. There are Chinese classes for the language, native and English Bible readings, visiting the women, opium cases, etc., which I shall probably know more of presently.

We are in the midst of awful idolatry—temples behind and before the house, signs of the gross darkness abound on every hand. In this great city with 400,000 inhabitants, and at this time of the year, the majority of them frightfully poor.

We have crowds of beggars round the door every evening begging for rice tickets, for which a fund is raised by the inmates of the house. The sights are appalling. God grant the time may soon come when such consecrated bands as these may be in every city and town in China to tell of Him who alone can meet its awful crying need."

Nellie describes many times over, the necessary blending of traditional Chinese festivals with the missionary adaptations

Feb 14/1888

Last Sunday was the Chinese New Year's Day, and a time of very special danger for native Christians, as everyone is expected to worship their ancestors—at least at New Year's—and persecution is pretty sure to be incurred where this custom is not complied with.

It is also the only day when business may be said to be almost universally suspended, and shops closed. Friends and relatives gather from all parts—it is the great festive season of China.

Monday was the first day in this house, and a very remarkable one it was. After breakfast, we had a session of special prayer, feeling this a necessary preparation for the other events. About forty native guests had been invited to a feast, which we were to join.

A devotional service was first held in the chapel, which was well attended—children conspicuous with New Year's decorations in the shape of flowers and bells on their heads. One little boy sitting near me had a garment on the body of which was bright green, the sleeves red, cuffs blue, sash yellow, and cap a mixture of violets! The babies are mysterious bundles of wadding—more like bolsters than babies.

The feast was held in the chapel, tables being borrowed from our bedrooms. Tablecloths are not used by the Chinese. I was placed at a table with some six or seven native women.

We sang grace, then operations commenced. Our centre dish was a good-sized basin of broth with lumps of fat pork. Several smaller ones arranged round it contained other similar concoctions, and a still smaller basin filled with rice was placed for each of us—and black chopsticks! The first time we had used them!

Very soon they were being used in desperate efforts to shovel the rice into our mouths. But the worst part was the necessity of accepting the dainty morsels constantly put in one's basin by kind-hearted

neighbours. The rice I could have managed very well—but oh, the meat! The taste is barely out of my mouth now! Plates of fruit had been placed at the side, which might possibly have proved an antidote, but the Chinese custom is to shoot it all off the plates, divide among the guests, then tie it up in handkerchiefs brought for the purpose and carry it home.

AI Image

The state of the tables and floor are very disgusting, as well—bones and remains are thrown down. But some of us found it rather convenient.After dinner, the men sipped little cups of tea, and we entertained the women upstairs by showing them photos and other little things which pleased them immensely.

Those who could, joined in several Chinese hymns, but their great delight was to crowd into dear Miss Murray's room and Miss Clark's, both unable to leave their rooms—the love of the native women for these two dear sisters was beautiful to see.

It is no matter of surprise—these Christian spirits attract the love of all who come in contact with them. In the evening, Mr. McCarthy exhibited a magic lantern in the chapel and explained the scripture pictures. The people were very pleased, and although it was a bitterly cold, snowy night, we had a good audience.

Nellie obviously held her fellow missionaries in great esteem and was extremely concentrated on the work. The conditions the Chinese people had to live with distressed her considerably, and her journals are full of laments, such as the one that follows. These hard workers had so many tasks—not only the religious work, but battling poverty, ignorance, and health problems as well.

Wed Feb 22/88

I have just been on a little walk, only the second time since coming to Yang Chow. The more I see of the people, the more my heart aches—their condition is so pitiable. One is so glad of the one grand certainty—that God is love, or the mystery of so much suffering and misery would be far more awful than is now.

In the short time we have been here, several applications for help for people dying from opium poisoning have been successful in their use of restoratives. In nearly every case, it is poverty which makes them try to commit suicide. Two of our sisters were sent for a man this afternoon—he had taken it only because they had no rice.

Tales of distress and misery are constantly reaching us. But the saddest of all is the dense darkness. We hear today of opposition being raised in Kiangse. As usual, it is the illiterate who are trying to irritate the people against the missionaries. They are exceedingly jealous of foreigners and circulate most absurd reports about us, which are generally believed.

It seems that our enemy—the devil—is making fresh efforts in China just now. I expect he does not like the hundred new missionaries coming out. But it only drives us the more to our Great Almighty Keeper, and He will conquer. It is so restful to think of power as well as His love. We have indeed a glorious majority on our side, and the hosts of hell cannot prevail against Him.

Yesterday, a party of native ladies called and spent some time listening quietly and attentively whilst Miss Murray told them the old, old story.

They said they had heard that the foreigners could give peace, so they came to hear the doctrine. We get a great many visitors, but generally curiosity is the motive, and they delight in examining as many of our things as possible—but the gospel is always plainly put before them. I so long to be able to speak to them.

Nellie was anxious to be able to communicate with the Chinese people. Many of the Asians' misconceptions about Christianity were intriguing, and one can understand Nellie's impatience. From the entry dated February 27, 1888:

"A very respectable woman yesterday, when told in answer to her questions that Miss Murray's parents are in heaven, asked if she goes there every day."

The job Nellie had chosen for herself meant that she must face constant changes in her life with courage and stoicism. She describes her feelings about this very casually, but it is not difficult to see that she was a caring person.

"Mr. Stevenson has been here three days this week to arrange for the departure further inland of a number of our dear sisters, and some sixteen are expecting to start next week—some to the extreme north, and all long distances, meaning three or four months' travelling. The prospect of parting is felt very keenly. It is just like breaking up a happy family."

Many of the losses Nellie suffered were of the more permanent kind—an unfortunate reality for all the missionaries. From Feb 27 1888:

"Miss Dawson is down with some kind of long fever, and I have taken turns with the Misses Eland and Crewdson in nursing her."

On March tenth, the journal records:

"Dear Theresa Dawson entered into rest about one o'clock last Sunday morning."

Always looking for the positive in everything, Nellie wrote:

"The lessons of that sick room and deathbed have been many and precious... several of the natives came into the room and were very much impressed by what to them was such strange joy and peace in the face of death. One of them said, 'We cry at death, but you sing.'"

It was left to Nellie and four young companions to make arrangements for Miss Dawson's funeral, as their superior had also taken ill at the time.

"The funeral was arranged for Thursday at Chin-Kiang—as there is no burying place at Yang Chow—and as fifteen of our sisters were leaving for their long inland journey on that day and would be going that way, it was such a nice arrangement. And Mr. McCarthy very kindly arranged for Jennie Webb, Annie Crewdson, and I to go, as we had been most with her. We breakfasted at seven thirty... and immediately afterwards started for the boats in detachments. Some of the large party going in sedan chairs, and others of us walking. The native christians had engaged boats for luggage and a nice comfortable one for ourselves, with our coffin being the forepart of one of ours, covered with a black cloth.

The canal was very crowded, but in answer to prayer we got off without any difficulty by about nine o'clock. It is difficult for friends at home to understand how much that means in China. There are so many obstacles in the way—crowds, getting boatmen and coolies willing to take foreigners, etc.

Having a side wind, the boats had to be dragged down the canal—fifteen miles—and when we at last reached the end, several faces turned very decidedly pale and reminded one unpleasantly of the P & O ships that brought the missionaries on the long trip from England to China. The river being very rough, the tossing in crossing was very considerable. These Chinese rivers are so immense!

However, we got quite safely across by five o'clock and in a few minutes afterwards were on our way to the cemetery. It is a lovely spot—away from the noise and bustle of the street, amongst patches of beautiful green rice at the foot of some high brown hills. About the size of a small village churchyard, a stone wall surrounding it, and in large white letters "British Cemetery" painted over the gate.

The English Consul has been extremely courteous and met us at the gate, raising his hat and shaking hands as we entered. Several English residents and American missionaries were also present. Mr. McCarthy read the burial service and Favian Bao assisted. The service and the whole scene were very impressive and never to be forgotten.

We nineteen ladies, in our native dresses and white umbrellas, formed a half circle around the grave. The Europeans stood in a little group on the other side, and a crowd of natives gathered behind us, with a number of Chinese also watching from the hill overlooking us. The sun was setting and bathing everything with gorgeous colouring—to me, a beautiful picture of the "Sinking to Rest" of our dear sister.

After the funeral, we returned to our boat and had tea and a happy time together until the steamer—which was to take our travellers up to Hankow—came in, and we saw those sixteen sister missionaries off about eleven thirty o'clock. It seems hard to form these sweet friendships and then the goodbyes come so quickly...

Thoroughly tired out, our greatly diminished party went once more to our boat and soon spread our bedding and settled for the night. Up early the next morning, we changed to a smaller boat for our return journey, which, owing to a fair wind, took less time. The day was rather too hot for our comfort, but the morning passed happily.

Fred C: There is lots of info from the China Inland Mission if you want to read more about Miss Dawson. Nellie was there while she was sick and when she died. Also was assigned to take her post. See "Further Reading" at the end of this book. There are lots of other clippings and copies from the China's Millions archive regarding missionary's arrival times and letters sent in to the journal. Also a map to follow along.

AI Image

The next excerpt illustrates Nellie's compassion For all of her fellow human beings, her contempt for those who mistreated anyone shows through—and it even indicates a political acumen.

Monday March 26th, 1888

"Such a beautiful feast of letters this mail. They get more and more precious as time goes on. After reaching the city wall on Friday, it took some time to get up to the gate we use, as the canal was so crowded with a great variety of craft—reminding one of a 'block' in London. Just now, a great deal of very tall grass (six or eight feet high sometimes) is cut and used for firewood. A number of flat boats are loaded with this and look exactly like huge floating stacks.

Our men skillfully—but slowly—made their way through a number of these and large rice boats. We were often literally wedged in between them, but after a great deal of noise and hard work, we stopped on the bank. The sun being very hot, we indulged in sedan chairs for the first time.

The chairs are box-like arrangements of bamboo, closely curtained with only little square holes to peep through. They are carried on poles by two coolies, and to me, it was exceedingly painful to see the effect of the poles on their bare shoulders. It seems awful that one may get so accustomed to the use of men as beasts of burden as to take no notice of it—and yet so it is in many cases, especially in the ports where the treatment of coolies by Europeans is simply disgusting. We had an instance of this treatment even at the funeral. One of the native Christians who went with us was standing rather forward, looking into the grave, when an Englishman came behind and, far from gently, pushed him away!

The gospel is tremendously handicapped by our own people! When one really sees the effect of this accursed opium traffic, it seems to almost eclipse the drunk at home. We are told by our teachers that in this city there are 4,000 opium dens! And I have never heard or read anything which conveyed an adequate idea of the horrible effects. No wonder we are constantly met with the rebuke from the women: "Oh, you send us the opium which kills our husbands and sons!" May the day speedily come when our native land shall wash her hands of this foul stain!

Nellie's indignation is apparent, and the cry was to be taken up by politicians in the late 1800s—but it wasn't until the Chinese government intervened, and it became economically unviable, that the opium trade began to decline.

Passing along the main street, we turned into a little alley between high stone walls and, after going a little way, came to a rough wooden gate which easily pushed open into a courtyard, round which are the different rooms of the house.

A small crowd followed us in but did not go further than the courtyard. The apartment we went into was a good size and lofty but had no ceiling, and there were crevices in the roof large enough for a peep of the sky. It contained two bedsteads, very like the old-fashioned English four-posters, hung all around with cream-colored gauze and silk curtains fastened back on one side with ornamental hooks and chains. The beds themselves looked far from inviting, notwithstanding silk coverlets.

The remainder of the furniture consisted of two clumsy tables, several layer chests, and some apparatus for idol worship. I was invited to sit on a stool gaily painted. Miss McFarlane, with the young lady, sat on one of the beds and her mother—who stayed in the room part of the time—on the other.

The dress was of the usual kind for that class of people, consisting of several jackets of various colours and wadded trousers tied closely round the ankles. Their feet, I should think, not more than four inches long—a reference to the traditions of the higher classes in China, whereby a young girl's feet were bound, with the toes tucked under at about age four, to prevent growth, as tiny feet were

considered attractive as well as a status symbol. This practice was very painful for the girls and was later prohibited by the communist movement.

The usual questions as to my name, age, etc., having been answered, a tiny girl came into the room and raised a wadded cloth, under which was a little charcoal fire and a boiling kettle from which she brought little cups of tea. This dear little thing was sold by her parents to these people in order to get opium! They paid twenty dollars for her and are already making good use of her as a servant. I could hardly keep back tears as she shrank away, frightened at the sight of us. We soon saw the kind of work she has to do, and it was kept up with only a few minutes' interval all through the visit.

Fetching a very elaborate pipe, the child first cleaned it, then filled it from a little box attached, and with a long taper took a light from the charcoal fire, lit the pipe, and held it whilst the elder lady took three or four long whiffs. She then immediately clears out the pipe again and repeats the process for any length of time! There are no carpets or mats, and the ashes are thrown on the floor—which is filthy—and, by the by, was swept during our visit. After a little while, another servant brought in a basin of water nuts for us—something like shelled chestnuts in appearance, but taste similar to coconuts and before we left another dish of pretty pink fruit about the size of gooseberries in a thick liquor was brought out and put into 'orrimoritt' with Chop Sticks. Some sticky stuff and dried dates were also pressed upon us, which I was glad to smuggle away and give some children in the street afterwards.

The good news for Nellie was that the elder lady agreed to let the missionaries hold Christian meetings in the house, for the younger lady to continue her education. This was no small triumph for the two English women, for, as Nellie wrote, 'Girls of the upper classes not being expected to appear outside the four walls of their own apartments and oh the miserable trifles with which their lives are filled 'tis a living death indeed. At this point, Nellie wrote some wry commentary on the roles of the educated men in China.

'As we left I noticed a gentleman lying in a little room on the opposite side of the court. He probably had heard the conversation but of course would not appear. It sometimes strikes me as quite ludicrous the absurd pride of the China men. We see most of it in our Teachers, they are generally kind and interested in us, but the pride comes out now and then, and if they meet us in the street, would not think of recognizing us. We are also supposed never to sit until they are seated, or rise before them, but under plea of ignorance many of us do not observe these rules. I think my teacher has a B.A. degree from the white button of his cap, but it is a question if many English school boys would not leave the Professor far behind, for Chinese learning consists merely of learning ponderous volumes of useless literature off by heart, and we certainly have to teach them before we can extract much that is any use from them. And the first two or three days with a new Teacher are spent in a helpless flounder, neither very able to understand one word the other says.

I was amused at watching from the window a group of them at the Gate today. One of them had a Testament given him, and it was produced from his ponderous sleeve for the inspection of his colleagues, who with their bright coloured gowns held up because of rain and queer umbrellas, look more like a group on a Tea Chest than real men"

Nellie was prolific in her descriptions of her tours of the surroundings, which provides interesting reading and a wonderful historical view of the China that existed in the late 1800's.

Monday, April 2/88

Saturday (our holiday, Easter weekend) being a beautiful day, a party of us went outside the city. Started about 2 o'clock in sedan chairs, and one Sister with our woman on a barrow. It is such a treat to get out of the city, the streets are so filthy. In the principal streets there are some fine shops with really elegant goods, especially the lamps which are quite works of art, but dirt everywhere, and oh the Chinese odours! What a grand time a few hundred Sanitary Inspectors could have in Yang Chow.

Our cavalcade reached the city gate safely and with usual amount of grumbling and squabbling dismissed the Coolies. With a chair for Miss Guinness who is not very well we started walking. The city has a very good moat and the walls are in good order but inside are heaps of ruins of great number, remains of the Taiping rebellion, which anywhere but in China would have been rebuilt or cleared away years ago.

Outside we strike off on a narrow path and there is something approaching market gardens, in shape of patches, of onions etc. etc., a few very poor dwellings, then a great many mounds of various shapes and sizes, which are coffins covered with a little earth as a temporary resting place, awaiting the 'propitious day' for burial. This is ascertained by professional fortune tellers and seldom arrives until the relatives have paid large sums of money. It appears that from birth to death every event in a Chinaman's life is a handle for extortion.

We next passed a temple the entrance to which was adorned with two gods a strange mixture of Lion, dragon and man, brightly painted blue and green, and, to our great delight, just behind them one of our party found a clump of wild violets! We also got some mauve flowers very like the old English 'Stock.'

An interesting party was just coming from the temple consisting first of a mandarin in a very grand chair carried by private servants. Behind him in another very nice chair with fan and other things attached outside, a very pretty young lady (probably his daughter), dressed most elegantly in very pretty pink flowered satin and other delicate colours. As we passed she lifted the veil of the chair to

peep at us and so we saw her. Next came the servants — six women on barrows and behind them two soldiers mounted on most wretched horses.

It is a very unusual thing for a man of rank to go to worship the idols and especially with his daughter. I think intelligent men generally have no faith in them, but we are assured any Chinaman would worship anything for a trifling worldly advantage.

A little farther on is a little hamlet, several shops, etc., and through this a piece of waste ground on which were a number of men flying kites! Some of them are very curious — one we saw go up was at least ten or twelve feet long and consisted of a number of discs about the size of a dinner plate with loose things attached, threaded on two lines at about eight inches apart at one end a fish's tail and at the other a strange head, with loose flapping ears and eyes. A double row of men support it and as the wind blows through it, the weird creature moves like a snake and produces a strange noise, something like the noise made by the wind in telegraph wires on a country road at home but very much louder.

Being such a fine day we met a greater number going and coming to the various temples and to avoid the unpleasant staring left the main path, walking on a narrow track between small cultivated fields (no hedges or walls) and saw ploughing with oxen and very primitive implements. After some distance we came to a river where the scenery is most lovely.

Having left the regular path we found ourselves considerably below the bridge and just opposite a temple which looked almost like fairyland across the water. The little pagodas and curled roofs are most picturesque and they do not fail to choose the most charming spots. A large pleasure boat with a number of passengers was moving along slowly and majestically. Upon seeing us, they at once began crossing to our side for a nearer inspection, which we were not liberal enough to give, but commenced our return to the city.

On reaching the gate, to our surprise, the coolies were waiting with the five chairs and barrow, and demanded to be hired back. Upon our refusal, they began shouting and clamouring again, following for some distance until their patience was exhausted. We reached home refreshed by our outing and all tired, being so seldom walking, especially our woman with her small feet."

April 6, 1888

Yesterday visited a village a short distance from the city with Jennie Webb and a native woman. We went on a 'barrow' taking turns to ride as there is only room for two. It was my first use of a barrow and the shaking is certainly not worse than expected, from the experiences of others.

We passed out of a different gate this time and crossed the canal by ferry boat (barrow as well). In that part the land is fully cultivated and very beautiful and home-like the crops looked, but one misses the hedges very much. I found a lovely cluster of violets and I suppose showed my delight in my face for a very respectable lad who was passing quite politely showed me a quantity growing a little farther on. He then followed us some distance, listened attentively and appeared thoroughly interested, also promised to come to the chapel to hear more.

The village consists of about ten houses and two or three farms. The first visit we paid was to the house of a woman who a short time since came into the city to get opium to commit suicide, but having been led to the school house on her way (as it seems to us most plainly by God, Jennie was the means of preventing her from carrying out her purpose.

Of course the place was extremely dirty and the family seemed to live altogether in the one room. They invited us to sit and very soon this place was crowded, but principally with children — such a motley group they were. One half-naked little fellow nestled up to me quite lovingly. My heart ached for them but some of the young urchins were so brimming over with amusement at the foreigners that they defeated our purpose and we failed to get much attention, although a good bit of the Gospel was told them.

A woman kindly brought us basins of tea but so dirty that it made one shudder. We next went to a small temple for women and spoke to an old woman sitting in the doorway who, as we hoped, invited us in. The temple is like the other houses — mud walls, thatched roof — and divided from the front entrance with a bamboo screen.

The three principal gods are sitting figures from two to three feet high as usual, extremely ugly and not worth a minute's description. Several lesser deities adorned the front of the sideboard from which they glare upon the worshippers between the filthiest of curtains. The only other occupant as I entered was the person in charge, who I took for a priest but proved to be a priestess, the only distinguishing feature which was unmistakably a woman's being the voice. Her head was shaved perfectly bare, heavy men's shoes and the ordinary priest's dress. She appears to be in splendid health but is nearly blind.

On the return journey from this encounter, Nellie tells of being stopped by many people interested on hearing the Christian stories she and her companions told. At one point, on the ferry trip back to their own side of the river, they were even flagged down by a 'beautifully fitted native boat', evidently either a mandarin's or merchant's.The next day, Nellie received word that it was time to move on to her next station, which she writes in her journal with a light tone of excitement and anticipation:

Saturday evening, April 7th, 88

This entry will probably close another epoch of my experience, for already the message has come for me, 'To the Work!' I am not really surprised, for since Miss Dawson's death, it came much upon my mind that I might perhaps be sent to her intended station. And without my mention of it, the same thing had occurred to many others. But I little thought it would be as soon as this. But as a very good escort is likely just now, I may probably start on Tuesday. My position will be a most solemn one... I know next to nothing of the language, but our sufficiency in Him, and having proved His own words and Christ declares 'Christ is God... there is no room for fear or doubt, since all things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God.

Chapter IV

Yang-Chow To Ta-Ku-Tang and Beyond

With a little trepidation, Nellie accepted God's call to move on. On April 10/1888, Nellie's friends escorted her to the dock and helped get her settled on the steamer that was to take her to her new station.

The bustle must be seen to be pictured. I stayed a few moments by the luggage whilst Mr. McC and Ah-Ho — my native escort — went to look for my cabin, and they found, greatly to our surprise, Messrs. Ewing and Huntley on board returning from Shanghai to their training home at An-King. The steamer had filled up very fast, and the only berth left for me to have was in a very small cabin with three native women and three children. The prospect was not very cheerful and I gladly stayed with Mr. McCarthy on deck until he left, which was then past midnight. My companions occupied the bottom berths, so I just climbed to the top one, but not to sleep, for the three smoked their long pipes, and one of the babies cried nearly all night. I nearly choked and my eyes starting from the smoke. I gladly got out on deck as early as possible, but not the least sorry for the experience, Mr. McC's text which he gave me for a pillow having been sweetly fulfilled — 'My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest.' When the two gentlemen came, they at once very kindly gave me their cabin, which was very comfortable and from that time rivalled with each other in making me comfortable, to the great satisfaction of Ah-Ho.

The dear fellow came to me very early and looked so distressed. I did very much want to tell him I was alright but the only words I can speak, he cannot understand, as his is another dialect. My

things were soon moved and I enjoyed a sleep till nearly dinner time, when I foraged up the provision basket and prepared dinner. My deck chair was placed just outside the cabin and we had a very pleasant time. So different from what I had pictured and from what it could have been, for even as it was, the strange sight of a lady travelling and we all sitting on deck attracted a great deal of attention, and books I was reading were several times taken off my lap by the curious natives.

The gentlemen had to go into a kind of hold and sleep (or rather lay) on the floor amongst the crowds of opium smokers, etc. We reached An-King during the night but I found in the morning Mr. Ewing had very kindly stayed on to take me up to Ta-Ku-Tang. Passing through some lovely scenery

we reached our landing place Ku-Kiang about 4 o'clock. Too late to go any further that day, the arrangements were for us to go to a Native Inn but our Father had something better — the Custom Officer met us on board and immediately invited Mr. Ewing to his house and me to a Mr. Miller's, both these houses were in the Foreign Settlement (this being an open port).

Mr. Miller is the Superintendent of Police and from him and his wife I received the greatest kindness. Their house is very beautiful and once more I enjoyed European comforts, besides sweet Christian fellowship with them. There are about thirty foreign residents, three of them Christians! Mr. Ewing came for me about 10 o'clock.

The journey to Tà-Ku-Tàng is by chair and Mrs. Miller very kindly lent me hers which is of bamboo and exactly like an ordinary armchair on poles, and a great deal more comfortable than the native chairs are in most parts, for they are only two little pieces of board threaded onto poles. After the usual preliminaries with the Coolies we at last got fairly off, Mr. Ewing and Ah Ho in two chairs, Coolies carrying the luggage. The distance is about thirteen English miles of most exquisite scenery. The day was dull but warm and for some distance we had three distinct ranges of blue mountains in sight.

The rice fields are also looking very beautiful and the flowers abundant and magnificent, such as splendid red and pink azaleas..."...beautiful kind of honeysuckle, violets, lilac, orchids, et cetera, all growing wild — so after all, the 'Flowery Kingdom' deserves its title. But the roads are about as bad as one can imagine and the sight of the Coolies' backs very nearly spoilt the pleasure.

To relieve them we walked several times and at one place in passing through a little plantation of trees seemed to be on enchanted ground, for some distance we had heard a strange noise which as we got nearer grew much louder and quite different from anything I have heard. It seemed to be under the ground, and would rise and fall all round us. We conclude it must be some kind of birds but not one could we see although the trees were small and nearly bare. The terraced fields are very beautiful.

We reached our destination in safety about two o'clock and had only just got seated indoors when a tremendous thunderstorm burst over us. The lightning and thunder were tremendous, the latter crashing among the mountains like thousands of cannon, and the rain has literally poured down almost without cessation until the present moment. I am sitting in one of the Sisters' bedrooms and the house being on a hill, the scene from the window is splendid — just below are the roofs of the Chinese city and just now swollen with the heavy rains, the Poyang Lake nearly up to the doors of the houses; opposite are a low range of green hills and..." ...behind them dark mountains nearly enveloped in mist and clouds.

Nothing could be plainer than the Loving Hand of God during this part of my journey and now I am glad of this little waiting time in such a delightful place, and not the least part of the pleasure is meeting again Dr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and several sisters with who I hope to start again when weather and wind permit, as they are appointed to stations in the same direction as I."

The adventures that Nellie had to endure on her journey to her new home were more than exciting in terms of weather, but she maintained her humour and faith throughout.

"Ta-Ku-Tang, Kiang-se
April 16 88
This 'home' in addition to the work amongst the natives is used as a 'sanatorium' for any of our Mission needing rest or change and a very beautiful spot it is, but we were favoured with a sight of its darkest side, for on Saturday night we had a real 'South Monsoon,' and it is not easily to be forgotten.

A tremendous gale was blowing when we went to bed, but it increased in violence until the whole house seemed to be rocking, and the noise was something terrific. Sleep was, of course, out of the question, but I think all were kept in peace. In my room there were three of us and two children but no one spoke and we found afterwards our thoughts were all in the same direction.

Just after midnight Mr. Armstrong, who is Superintendent of this House, came to our room and advised us to dress quickly as it was no longer safe in our room. So, wrapping the children in blankets, we were soon downstairs, the gentlemen bringing our beds (which is quite easy here) and we spent the rest of the night in a large room downstairs.

Before lying down, Mr. Armstrong led us in prayer, and in the comparative quiet, we rested and slept quite happily. In the morning, we found the danger consisted principally in a great many broken tiles, but a number of the natives' houses are unroofed, although they are a great deal more sheltered than this.

The Sunday was spent much the same as Yang-Chow, but the chapel is very much smaller here. In the evening, we had the Lord's Supper amongst ourselves in the sitting room, and a blessed season it was. We are expecting to start again at daybreak Wednesday morning."

"Native Boat en route to Kwei-Ki, 21 April

Left Ta-Ku-Tang Wednesday evening after prayers. It was a very dark night, and we stumbled rather than walked down the steep descent to the boat, but all got safely on board. Dr. Cox, Messrs. Ewing and Armstrong came to see us off and each gave us beautiful promises. After saying goodbye, our little band stood together and sang the doxology, our friends on the shore tried to join but their voices sounded very shaky. We then crept down into the boat and after committing each other and our loved ones to our dear Father's care, laid down for the night.

But the boat had gone but a very little way, when a sudden storm swept down on the lake, and we were tossed about by the roaring wind. However, the Everlasting Arms still kept us perfectly safe, and although the boat got badly broken, no harm befell us. The first thing we heard after the storm abated was that three of the five fowls we brought for the journey were drowned to death! And that we had already reached Nan-Kang-Fu where two of our party were to leave us. We also found that we must all leave the boat whilst it was repaired. One man accordingly fetched chairs and in pouring rain, we all went up to the house which had been hired for our sisters. This is a new station, only a native Evangelist having lived in the city, and we were surprised to find that a large examination was being held, and the city thronged with 'scholars' who are so much opposed to foreigners.

The native Evangelist said that had it not been for the rain, we probably could not have got up. As it was, crowds kept gathering about the house all day, but did not disturb us. We were detained two days but not one hour too long. We were all so happy together, helping the dear Sisters to get the house a bit straight... although the windows are paper and the rooms have no ceiling.

Our dear Ah Ho thought it best for us to leave after sunset, so last evening we said goodbye to our two Sisters, Miss Capsent and Miss Mitchell... We slipped quickly and quietly out of the house, but a good many saw us and quite a crowd of students followed, but we did not hurry through, and allowed them to have a good look at us. Miss Macintosh spoke to them several times in answer to their remarks, whereupon one of them called out, 'They are not foreigners, they are spirits!' Our woman turned round and said, 'Well, I never! You people are afraid of spirits, and yet you follow us!' This caused a good roar of laughter, but Miss Mac said she could by a little movement, if she liked, frighten every one of them away! However, she looked up at them and said, 'See, I have two hands and feet and eyes and ears — look at me!' Then she politely invited them to return, which they did, seemingly quite well-disposed.

We did not start till daybreak, so enjoyed a good night's rest and today we are travelling very slowly amongst beautiful scenery and are all very happy, in spite of a little seasickness. At the present moment, Ah Ho and the boatmen are sitting about two yards from me on the other side of a rug

(which we have put up as a screen) eating their evening rice. Just at my elbow, our woman is lying on a mattress and Miss Marchbank just in front of me, neither of them being well. Miss Arthur, Miss Macintosh and I are writing. We are getting quite accustomed to the few feet of dirty planks we occupy, and native boat travelling is not so very bad, after all."

"Wednesday April 25/88

Anchored Saturday night and spent Sunday at a place called Teo-Chans, a very pretty walled city. Early in the morning, a crowd of people gathered on the bank, and we were obliged to put the boat off a little way in order to eat our meals. Miss Macintosh and I went on shore together and had a short walk along a lovely bit of country until we came to a little group of women who seemed rather frightened when Miss Mac spoke to them, but they invited us to follow and led us to one of the city gates. A man advised us not to go in if we were afraid of a crowd! But the place looked so tempting with its lovely trees and shrubs that we ventured.

Nellie and her fellow companions took every opportunity possible to spread the word of Christianity. Here, as in many places throughout, she wrote of how happy they were, even if only one person spent time to listen to their words. Often, her description of their work is interspersed with remarks about their surroundings, weather and conditions.

Our native Ah Ho soon appeared in the crowd with such a concerned look for our safety and hurried us off with the warning that a tempest was coming. As we passed out of the city, crowds gathered on the walls and watched us to the boat. How one's heart does ache for these people, who are truly sheep without a Shepherd!

A very heavy rain with thunder and lightning sent them to their homes, and we left at daybreak Monday with a fair wind. We had a good run, but the tossing made all of us seasick.

Stopped Monday at another walled city, Sui-Hung, where the crowds have been greater than before. All day the bank was crowded; we went ashore in twos and sold a great quantity of books and tracts. Heat and insects were rather trying. Several times people hung onto the boat in such numbers as to be a cause of great alarm to the boatmen, and all day they were obliged to be driving them off.

In the afternoon we were invited to visit some ladies on a large boat, and they listened to the Gospel very attentively. A servant brought us hard boiled eggs and sugar in a basin, and I managed the

chopsticks very well, but made a sad breach in my etiquette by laying them on top of the basin, which brings ill luck — but they very politely excused my ignorance.

Our boatman found his so badly broken by the storm as to be unsafe for the rest of the journey, so we were obliged to change last night. This one is larger but not nearly as nice. We have our meals in a little place for luggage — a sort of hold about four feet by six feet and about four feet deep — where I am now sitting writing. A roof is formed of bamboo and we sleep on the floor of the boat.

Two rugs we have hung up divide us from the other occupants, but not from their noise and awful smoke (a mixture of charcoal, opium, and tobacco). But it is surprising how truly happy and comfortable we are. The waste of time is rather trying, and we would be very glad to be going, but the boatmen do not seem the least concerned about it — and one of the lessons one has to learn here is never to be in a hurry.

We had an awful tempest again last night, could not sleep, but dwelt safely under His Shadow!

This is a great worship day for the Chinese. We have heard a deal of gong-beating and firecrackers, etc.

Wednesday, May 2/88 — I-Yang-Shien.

Came in sight of this place Friday night, but owing to rain and darkness could not get in until daybreak Sunday morning. The Mission House is quite by the edge of the river, so it is only like stepping from the boat to the house.

We did not intend coming up until after breakfast, but Miss Say came down and wanted us so much that we left the boat about seven o'clock. Such a hearty loving welcome she gave us, and never were homes appreciated more than by us after the smoke and dirt of the boats, and to sleep in beds — it is a real luxury.

After breakfast and a refreshing tidy-up, we went down into the Chapel to morning service. This station is in charge of a Native Pastor and two Lady Missionaries. The Pastor and his wife live on the ground floor behind the chapel and the ladies upstairs in nice clean airy rooms.

The services were bright and the Pastor seemed very earnest, spoke on the 'Good Samaritan.' I was so glad to understand just a little. He is a younger man than most of the Pastors, and although not deeply taught, very zealous for the conversion of his fellow countrymen. He looked quite grand in his

pale blue Boom and rich satin coat — would be thought strange dress for a Pastor at home, but quite common here.

Miss MacIntosh took the women's service upstairs in the afternoon, and a praise meeting in the evening. The people listened very attentively. This morning the river is swollen so with heavy rains that we cannot get a boat to go on, so may perhaps have to stay here several days.

I am sitting in Miss Say's bedroom writing, and just at my feet is a long low window from which the scene is splendid. The opposite bank of the river is all rocks, not very high but rugged and picturesque. One lovely spot just in front of me is nearly covered with beautiful green vegetation, with a bit of ragged mossy rock rising up in the centre. There is a cave at its base and from here it looks like part of an old ruined castle.

The river is rushing past at a great rate in the opposite direction to that in which we go, and Miss MacIntosh has just this moment come in to say the river is rising rapidly and expected in the lower rooms of the house. The water came into the house as expected, but in answer to prayer, went down very rapidly. We were able to get off Wednesday noon. Miss Say came into the boat to dine with us. This, the fourth boat since leaving Ta-Ku-Tang, is smaller but we feel even more happy than before, and the scenery continues most beautiful. The bamboo groves, of which we passed a good many, are lovely. The trees are so feathery and graceful besides being very useful. It is used for building houses and boats, bamboo poles for oars, leaves cleverly arranged for coverings for the boats, rain hats for the men, chairs, tables, beds, and a great many other things are made of it, and the young bamboo sprouts are eaten! I have enjoyed them several times.

It may interest some friends to know the price of this kind of furniture — it is cheapest in this province. I bought a nice little couch for eightpence English money! A nice size table with two small ones for tea, two ordinary and one armchair, and couch cost one cash, or about three shillings four to three and nine English money.

Editor's note: unsure if this is cents, shillings, farthings, or pounds, but whichever it was, a very good price!

Yuh-Shan, May 12/88 — Saturday evening

The Lord gave us fair wind and helped us so much that we got here Friday night, at least in sight of the city. The latter part of the Kiang-Sin river has a great many rapids but we have been brought safely over all.

Thursday night we spent under a great waterwheel and just at the edge of a rapid. Its sound was not exactly soothing, but there is something attractive in the noisy, tumbling, sparkling mass. The breakwaters are very cleverly built.

Friday night we spent at a 'bridge of boats.' We were late in arriving so they refused to open for us. It is a Custom House arrangement and the officers were afraid of other boats with smuggled goods passing through if they opened for us, so we did not get up to the city wall till this morning.

Came up to the house in covered chairs. This is Miss MacIntosh's station, and it is so nice to see the delight of the Christians in welcoming her back. They are beaming with delight and have just prayed her back.

We have been arranging the rooms, etc. this afternoon, and directly after tea, went on a walk on the city wall — Misses MacIntosh, Marchbank and I — on which there is a broad grass patch. We climbed to a high part from which there is a splendid view of the city.

The clouds were still brilliant with the last rays of the setting sun. Outside the city: flooded rice fields, waving crops of ripe wheat, and the lovely bamboo groves; inside: the pretty curled roofs and some well-kept vegetable plots, with the everlasting hills in the background — it was a beautifully peaceful scene and made one almost forget for the moment the foulness and darkness of death dwellings in this beautiful land.

Nellie seems to have had few moments of such sad thoughts. It is hardly surprising, since the Chinese customs were so alien from western customs. She wrote of the compassion she felt for the native people:

Monday night I was kept awake a great deal by the chanting of priests next door. It was on account of a death, and kept up nearly all night. Such a miserable wail it is — but I think it was even worse on Tuesday night to hear someone in the street passionately calling, "Come back, come back!" Probably someone had been seized with some illness and they think the spirit has left the body, so a relative goes out and calls it back. It is so sad and just makes one's heart ache, to hear the useless cry bringing no response but its own echo.

As always, Nellie had her work to keep her spirits up. As much as she tried to do for the people, Nellie still wished that she could do so much more:

Peh-Shih-Kiai, May 21/ 1888

Fred C: see Letter from Miss Rogers in "Further Reading" dated the same

We travel between this place and Yuh-Shan by chairs. The day we came was intensely hot, and the suffering of the coolies nearly spoiled my pleasure. It is unspeakably sad to see the many thousands of men in China wearing out their lives as beasts of burden for a few filthy bits of cash. The loads they carry for long distances is incredible, and in the broiling sun with no protection.

'And no man careth for them,' is our dirt. I do so hope I may not get hardened and indifferent to these sights. Our journey took about eight hours. We stopped at several villages on the way and had tea and eggs at a native inn. Miss Littler spoke to several women who listened very well. The colloquial is so different in this province that it is like another language.

Peh-Shih-Kiai itself is beautiful, built in quite a little nest amongst the glorious hills and well cultivated. It's only a small place comparatively, but a good many people and plenty of work for us two, and many others if they come. Miss L has been out two years, so speaks quite well, and I hope to get on now with my study.

The house is very comfortable, having been a bit Europeanized — ceiled and windowed. My room looks out onto fields of rice. We have in the district a variety of crops — opium poppies, tea, cotton, wax plant, oranges, lotus, and so on. In one of our windows there are some little date trees.

Each of the three nights I have been here have been marred by an event. Friday night we had thieves. They stole several things downstairs but accidentally knocked a little cupboard down, which frightened them and they went off without coming upstairs. They burst open three doors in getting in.

Early Sunday morning I was wakened by a rat in my bed! And last night, an awful thunderclap brought down part of my ceiling. A little after five a.m. we called for the woman to help clean up the mess. In a few minutes her little boy came up with bare feet and legs dripping to say that there was 'great water' downstairs and she could not get up!

We went part of the way down and found at least a foot of water and very rapidly rising, whilst all round the house had become a pond. We used our means of help in any difficulty and the result was that in less than two hours the water had almost disappeared from the rooms.

It has been too wet to do any visiting besides the house on Saturday; the people were very friendly and brought us basins of tea and boiled beans. It made me quite sad to look at a poor little fellow there, only about eight or nine years of age, suffering very badly from dropsy. He asked our woman so eagerly if we had any medicine that would cure him.

This is quite a common disease amongst children here and it does make one's heart ache to help them. On Sunday we had a little girl with a shocking leg bitten by a dog, and a boy with a bad heel. We did the little we could for them, but oh for a knowledge of medicine! If left to themselves, the people aggravate their complaints awfully by putting on mud plasters, red paint, paper, and so on.

I have today once more commenced studying and am so glad this teacher is a Christian. He preaches on Sundays. He is very patient, but the sounds are more difficult to copy from him. However, I am hoping with God's help and blessing to make progress now. Our woman is a capital help, and although I make comical mistakes, she generally understands and sets me right.

Tuesday Evening, June 18, 1888

Last Thursday, as we were feeling somewhat tired and unable to work, Miss Littler and I accepted a standing invitation to visit our nearest European neighbour, Miss Byron, at Chan-Shan. It is about thirty-five li distant, or twelve English miles, and the only means of travelling — native chairs.

Owing to the heat, we decided to start very early, and with this intention got up soon after three o'clock, had breakfast and were quite ready to start by about four-thirty, but as usual, had so much difficulty with the coolies that it must have been nearly six o'clock before we were really off. The morning was fine and the scenery perfectly charming, mountainous all the way.

We passed through a number of small villages and noticed that at the doors of most of the houses, bunches of reeds and branches of vines were fastened onto the walls, and incense sticks burning below them. The reason, we found, was that being the first of the fifth Chinese month, it is the custom to worship heaven and earth. We also saw in the streets of the city circles formed of rice on the pavement in front of the houses. This is to ensure good crops. Numbers of the children had ugly daubs of yellow paint on their faces or heads. This is to prevent disease.

Miss Littler was able to speak to several women at different places we stopped at. The Mission House at Chan-Shan is particularly nice, although of course very hot just now, and will be even hotter. The entrance door leads into the chapel — a nice little place, would, I should think, seat about a hundred people.

Beyond this is a little square courtyard filled with ferns and palms. At the right-hand corner, a flight of stairs leads up to Miss Byron's rooms, and those below are occupied by the native pastor and his wife. After dinner, we visited two temples, one of which I will try to describe.

It is by far the finest purely native building I have seen. The entrance is by a flight of stone steps stretching the whole length of the front, and porches the face of which are most beautifully carved. Over the main entrance and facing the interior of the building is a small platform or stage used for theatrical performances. The edge of this is also beautifully carved and gilded.

I was very much interested in hearing that not long since one of our missionaries obtained permission and exhibited a magic lantern from this platform, but the crowds were so dense and the noise so great that he could not be heard. The whole building is paved and tiled.

On either side of the entrance are railed-off apartments very similar to the chapels in our English cathedrals. The gods are many, and but for the sad realities connected with them, amusing. They are all life-size in this temple and stand in rows behind wooden railings. It might be a Chinese Madame Tussaud's wax museum exhibition.

There are smiling Buddhas — if one may use the word for their expressionless faces — by the side of frowning and fierce deities, all gazing with their vacant eyes at their deluded worshippers. The principal care in their manufacture seems to have been bestowed upon their cloaks, some of which are elegantly painted.

Another fine flight of steps leads up to the inner temple and the seat of the presiding deity, in front of which are many incense appliances and a large table for food offerings. Several small galleries are attached to the side walls and the stone slabs of their borders were occupied by sleeping men, probably priests, but the absence of dress made it uncertain.

We went into still another room to the left of the main building in which were the Pu-Sa's — idols — chairs and other apparatus for processions, such as banners, tripods, and so on. A little group of very respectable men gathered round us here and asked some very strange questions as to our religion and country. Leaving the temple, we walked a little way around the hill and through a beautiful cave, where our voices sounded very strangely. On Friday, we hired chairs again and went to visit several native Christians outside the city. We had to cross the river twice and the breeze was very refreshing. The first time we crossed by ferry and returned over a bridge of boats. All the people were very interesting and seemed delighted to see us. At each house they brought us beautiful tea with pretty little flowers floating in — only provided for special guests — and quite a variety of sweetmeats, hard boiled eggs, and so on. The dear kind creatures persist in getting the things in spite of our protests, and are really grieved if we do not eat them — but really after one or two it is almost impossible, and before starting for visits to Christians, one has need to pray for eating and drinking grace! At one house, we succeeded in preventing them from boiling eggs, and afterwards, they were sent to us uncooked."

The different customs that Nellie had to get used to were many. Often, her recounts are lighthearted and amusing. Things were very different in China. Even the climate caused the missionaries to have to adjust their schedules, and sometimes their health suffered for it. Nellie's journal of Friday, August second, eighteen eighty-eight, tells of such a time:

'I was at the back of our boat, which owing to the closeness we were obliged to have open. We had anchored in an unhealthy spot, and the malaria was rising thickly round us. Sleep was out of the question, and after an hour or two I began to feel very ill, and have no doubt but it was the beginning of fever or something worse. After our return, Miss Littler was not very well and so we decided to go on to Ho-Keo with our two Sisters, the Misses Gibson and Say. The heat is so intense that it is scarcely practical to stay long in one place just now. Really, friends at home do not know what heat is. We can only go out late in the afternoon, and then with thickly covered umbrellas and sometimes wet towels on our heads. It is very exhausting.'

Sometimes, Nellie found the Chinese customs a little frightening and even bewildering:

The father of one of the families living in the house was down with dropsy, and so the priests had been called in. I was sitting exactly opposite the room and able to see the whole ceremony. A large table was covered with a lot of idolatrous things such as strips of red and gold paper, incense sticks, candles, paper flowers, and so on, and an idol in the middle. The first thing was lighting the candles and sticks. Then one of the priests, who had red streaming down his back, commenced putting his body in all sorts of attitudes — something like a street performer at home — and waving over his head a wooden snake, whilst two others blew horns and beat clappers, until it seemed a very little

hell on Earth, and one realized as never before that it is actually devil worship. A great quantity of crackers were let off as well, and in the midst of it, the poor sick man lay in the corner.

AI Image

By August of eighteen eighty-eight, Nellie had begun to take little teaching forays into the surrounding village on her own. She admits in her journal that 'at present, my petitions in Chinese are very limited, and am glad to fall back into my mother tongue.' Undeterred, she would carry on, having brought one of her women — the native helpers — to translate as necessary.

In September of the same year, Mr. McCarthy had come to visit. She wrote:

'Last Friday, we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. McCarthy, and he being the second Englishman we have seen for more than four months, it was quite an event. He only spent about two or three hours here, as his time is very limited, but as he came back this way on Saturday, I returned with him to Yuh-Shan, to talk over my removal from here, which has been thought best for several reasons.

As Nellie was returning again from Yuh-Shan " *two little events occurred which gave me much pleasure*".

The first was meeting a young woman who was interested in her teachings, and Nellie seemed to feel she had made a strong influence on the woman. She continued on her way, but..

"we had not gone very far when a heavy storm came on which caused us to stop several times, and once the rain was at its worst and no place of shelter near but the official residence of the district Magistrate, so to my surprise, the men put my chair down under the porch at the entrance. After a few moments, a little boy came out and peeped at me, then quickly ran in with the news that a Foreigner was outside.

Very soon after, two elderly women came bringing an umbrella for me and invited me inside. They were pressing, so I went in. The first thing to meet my eyes immediately opposite the door was an immense painting of an indescribable animal with the usual incense stick, etc. in front of it for use in worshipping this ugly monster. Passing through the entrance hall, we came to a courtyard with some very nice flowers growing and a good paved path across the centre. This led to the guest hall where an old gentleman was seated, reading what looked like official documents.

He was at once invited to retire, which he did, but I noticed him peeping at me through a lattice door all the while. Very soon, the other members of the household appeared, and even if it were for nothing else, I would not regret having gone in, to give them a few minutes' pleasure! But to my joy, they understood and spoke the Mandarin dialect, and after the usual polite questions, I told them as well as my few words would allow of a God who loves them. They all listened most attentively, and when the coolies came to say it had ceased raining, begged me to come again, and a young gentleman, probably the husband of someone or more of the women who stayed in the room, joined the invitation and escorted me out. The rain kept off and the coolies went on quickly, so we got in Peh-Shuh-Kiai just before darkness set in.

In her last few weeks at this station, Nellie writes of an event that greatly affected her:

"Some three or four weeks ago, a woman came here bringing a boy of seventeen years of age — but looked not more than ten — asking if we could give him medicine. It was a bad case of dropsy, for which we told them we could do nothing, but as he was suffering from fever as well, I gave him some quinine, and afterwards visited their home.

The child has grown rapidly worse, and I, with my woman, have gone every few days, taking little simple medicines, but especially because they have listened so well to the Gospel. On Saturday evening a boy came to our service and told me the child had died that morning. The news gave me quite a shock, as I have grown very much interested in the family, and bitter regret came that I had not gone that day and made a far greater effort to obtain evidence that he knew and trusted Jesus. To my great surprise, on Sunday morning the news awaited me that the child was not dead, but a little better!

Directly after the afternoon service, the woman and I started to visit them. About halfway there, we met the mother, grandmother, and brother coming to the service — I do not think they had ever been. They looked so disappointed when we said the meeting was over, but they gladly came back with us. Found the child propped up in a chair, very ill, but he ate and seemed refreshed by a little pudding I took him.

Nellie's new station was at Ho-Keo, where she arrived on October 16 / 1888. She found the place quite satisfactory in terms of her work.

Nov 5 / 1888

There is at present no place in the whole world I would prefer to Ho-Keo. This is a large boating place and frightfully immoral, but its very foulness seems to make its need the greater. There are many hundreds of gaily dressed girls, some with really pretty faces, and it makes one so sad to know of their sinful lives.

The next day, Nellie wrote of having received word of the death of the dropsical boy at Peh-Shuh-Kiai, which had occurred the day she left. Though sad, Nellie took some comfort in the fact that it appeared that the boy had converted to Christianity before his death.

A brief summary: AI

~~These pages paint such a vivid arc of her travels — moving through river towns, rugged countryside, tiny villages, and rough, damp boats. You can feel her persistence and her tender spirit all the way through. Even when the weather batters her, when boats leak and boxes rot with mold, she keeps watching for beauty — ferns in rock crevices, bright bamboo groves, the sound of waterwheels and rapids that are both soothing and fierce.

There's this deep thread of adaptation — Nellie's learning how to move through the customs, the unexpected delays, the strange rituals that sometimes make her heart ache. She's deeply touched by how people open their homes, bringing tea with flowers floating on top, sweetmeats, and eggs she tries so politely to refuse. But she always writes about it with such respect — a blend of curiosity and sorrow for the burdens she sees, especially the coolies breaking their bodies for pennies.

Then there's that spiritual weight — she's constantly aware of life and death. You hear it in the thunder and rain beating down, in the sick boy she tries to comfort with pudding, in the chanting priests, paper idols, and the calls of "come back, come back!" in the street. She feels this collision of her faith with the local beliefs — and it shakes her but never breaks her compassion.

And finally, she keeps a gentle courage. Even when she feels helpless — unable to heal a child properly, unable to speak enough of the language — she leans on small acts: praying, sitting at

a bedside, bringing a pudding, or offering one sentence about a loving God. It's so human, that part — the loneliness, the hope that even tiny seeds she plants will take root somewhere.

So I'd say these pages are a mosaic of little hardships, moments of wonder, the warmth of strangers, and Nellie's quiet battle to keep her soul tender in a land so different from home. She's caught between the immensity of the work and the smallness of her own hands — but she doesn't turn away. ~~

Not all of the family members of the people that Nellie spoke to liked the 'foreign devils,' nor wanted to know the Christian doctrine. Nellie wrote on Nov 6/1888

"The next house we visited, a little crowd followed us in and listened attentively, until the woman to whom Miss G. was addressing her remarks — as the rest were nearly all men, and we do not, or are not supposed to by custom, address them if we can avoid it — was suddenly fetched by her husband, who was very angry with her for leaving her house. Most of the people are friendly and it is nice to hear all the way inviting us to sit awhile, and it is only occasionally we get the odious "foreign devil" here, or what is common in many places, "Devil's Wife."'

Sometimes Nellie must have found the Chinese way of life interesting. Other times…. her writing clearly reflects how difficult and puzzling the Chinese people were to her.

Thursday, 22 Nov.

In the afternoon I saw a very awful sight at a neighbour's house. The corpse of an old woman (who had died the previous evening) sitting up in an armchair, dressed in all the ordinary everyday clothing; the thin wrinkled hands resting in the lap, the tiny feet in pretty shoes and all outward appearances made to look as much like life as possible, with the one exception of a white handkerchief thrown over the face. In front of the figure was a little table on which were lighted candles and incense, whilst the daughter-in-law, with a bunch of long white grass streaming from her hair, was wailing and calling upon her mother in a most piteous way, rocking her body to and fro, knocking her head against the wall, and between her wails, praising the goodness of the lifeless form before her. It is difficult for all this to be assured, and yet so it seems to be, for someone calling this woman — she at once came out and gave her attention to buying some trifle. I was also told that she had been very unkind to the old woman, and was probably more glad than sorry at the death. The male members of the household were with much care bringing a dirty little idol downstairs, dressed in full dress costumes, and making many preparations for the rest of the ceremony, which I was glad to leave unseen"

Links to home were often the best things for Nellie's spirit as demonstrated by her delight in the things sent from England

Friday, 23rd Nov.

Two great joys! The first, the receipt of two boxes from England! Second, Miss Gibson's return — it was so nice to hear her voice after a week of Chinese without one word of English!"

As time went on, Nellie's writing focuses more and more on her work. She was constantly busy, and the entries that describe her travels, the landscape, and the people she met become less frequent. Still, though, she managed to write of the people and events that affected her heart:

Saturday, Dec. 8th

Visited a place called 'Ie-Jia' about six miles from here, in company with our old woman servant and Young Li (the young man who is living here as an assistant Evangelist). We had our 'Good Tidings Barrow' for the woman and I, but the road being very bad, I walked all the way. On leaving the city, we crossed the river by ferry boat, and the remainder of the way was through very beautiful scenery, bounded on three sides by ranges of mountains.

The land being very rocky, we did not see many trees, but sufficient to add much to the beauty. The leaves have not yet fallen, and the autumn colours are bright — crimson, gold and pale yellow-browns. We passed a great many coolies with barrows of limestone and coal. It was a pleasure to walk along with Li, naturally a very proud young Chinaman, but now, we trust, a humble follower of the Lord Jesus.

We talked of the sufferings of the Lord and of how slight ours are in comparison. He expressed it as his opinion that "a great many people know our doctrine is true and believe, but are afraid to confess because they would have persecution and perhaps loss."

Arriving at 'Ie-Jia,' we went to the house of a woman who had visited us, and to whom we had given medicine. She gave us a hearty welcome and at once prepared a nice dinner for us. The news soon spread that a foreigner had arrived, and gradually the large room in which we were filled up with men and women. After dinner, the old woman and I moved to one side of the room where the women crowded round, and left Young Li the other side with the men. I had taken a few simple medicines, and had a good many applications. The people listened well, and to my joy, understood me fairly well.

A messenger came to invite us to look at a poor boy who was ill in a neighbouring house. The woman and I went and found a boy of eighteen, shivering with ague, sitting with the sun streaming on him — a picture of misery. I gave him some ague pills but have since heard that they were afraid to take them, and that he is no better. The moon was shining as we re-crossed the river, and the lights of the

city reflected in the water on one hand, whilst the dark hills on the other were alive with fires in the manufacture of fuel.

Nellie was, as previously mentioned, somewhat confused and perturbed by the reaction of the Chinese people to the Christian teachings. She often wrote of incidences like the one that follows:

Sunday, Dec. 16th

An old man, who had been listening to one of their meetings, earnestly exclaimed, "I'm willing!" His wife, an old woman who has been a vegetarian some years, broke her vegetarian vows here a week since, and we believe accepted Christ, and now it seems that the Good Shepherd has found the husband.

With men, the test of reality is generally the Sunday question, and frequently a mixture of idolatrous things in their businesses. We do not know yet as to the extent of this man's faith. One man who has been coming here a long time says he is a Christian, and that he prays to Jesus every day, but he will not close his shop on Sundays, or give up selling incense sticks.

Friday, Dec. 20 (21)

T*he old vegetarian came to invite us to her house to dinner. About half past two o'clock, an old Christian woman, who had also been invited, came to escort us. The dining room was a loft which a very second-rate English stable would compare favourably with. The furniture consisted of a bed (straw), a small rickety table (on which were placed, when we arrived, four dirty looking cups and four pairs of chopsticks), a heap of flower pots in one corner, two chairs and a stool, whilst from the roof were suspended various valuables such as bits of rope and iron, baskets, etc., and across the bed, a long row of split turnips hung up to dry.*

The dinner consisted of a basin each of pork, fowl, and two or three kinds of vegetables, and, of course, rice. The husband was cook and waiter — or at least he brought the things to the top of the steep ladder — and the dear old couple were as polite and proud as if it had been the richest feast in Ho-Keo.

After dinner, we spent some little time in reading simple hymns and prayer. This is a great day for worshipping ancestors, and in many places we passed heaps of ashes where paper articles had been burnt for the use of the dead. In one house we visited, coloured candles were burning before the ancestral tablet, and the basins of food which would, in a little time afterwards, be eaten by the family for dinner, were standing as offerings, and one of the women was burning a quantity of paper money etc"

Thursday, Dec. 27th

Again visited Ie-Jia with Young Li and our old woman. On the way, a grand funeral passed us. In the procession were quite a number of sedan chairs containing ladies all dressed in white, and in one very grand chair, a tiny boy was seated (perhaps the heir of the deceased man) dressed in satin and holding in his hands the ancestral tablet.

The path was strewn with paper stars — the meaning of which I asked Li, and found it was paper money to bribe the spirits not to hinder any who should travel that road. Attached to the backs of the chairs were boxes and baskets containing paper clothing, etc., to be burnt at the grave.

A short note Nellie wrote on Friday, December 28th, 1888, partially explains the reluctance of the native people to give up some of their old ways:

"Miss Gibson and I visited an old vegetarian woman in an 'Ancestral Hall.' She has heard the Gospel before and knows the truth, but cannot give up some money which she receives for having been a vegetarian for a great number of years

One entry in Nellie's journal has a tone of shock to it, and obviously served as a reminder of how much work she and her fellow missionaries had taken on:

Feb 27, 89

Visited an opium den. Had promised to visit a sick child, but had no idea of the kind of house we were going to. It is on the main street and, to all outward appearance, simply a pork shop, but passing through the front shop, we soon found into what place we had entered.

The smokers all looked of the respectable class, well dressed, and the place was fairly clean — but filled with the horrible smoke. A small fire was burning on a stone slab in the centre of the room, where the opium is prepared, but we hurried through too quickly to notice particularly — glad to get away from such a sight. We asked the mother of the child if she could not give up this sinful trade. She said she would be glad, but her husband himself is an opium smoker! And from her own sallow complexion and unnaturally bright eyes, we have a strong suspicion that she also takes opium, although she flatly denied it.

No wonder that in such surroundings their only child, a dear little fellow of three, has several bad abscesses. We do not feel it wise to go to the house again, but hope both she and the husband will come here for medicine, and so will at least hear more of the Gospel.

In a foreboding of things to come Nellie wrote of the other missionary groups that were in China in the 1880's

Friday, March 8, 1889

Just returned from a two-day visit to Ien-San-Hsien, an important city about ten miles from here. We do not know of any Protestant missionaries having been there before, but French Roman Catholics have resided there for a time and made some twenty or perhaps more converts but have been expelled by the inhabitants.

What followed was enough to terrify anyone, but Nellie and Miss Gibson bravely stood their ground and were able to do the work they had come to do.

"The crowd followed us into the house, and in a very few moments, we were selling books in the guest hall and telling the object of our visit. This had only continued a very short time when there was a stir amongst the people outside, and in walked a pompous Mandarin followed by his attendants. He was a fine, aristocratic-looking old gentleman, dressed in bright coloured silks, with a green ring at least an inch wide on his right thumb. He requested first to see our passports (which unfortunately we had not with us) but seemed fairly satisfied on receiving our cards. He asked many questions about our nationality, purpose in coming to China, etc., and then gave as his reason for coming to see us that he was anxious for our safety, feared the people might be noisy, and wished to give us two soldiers to protect us.

Nellie and Miss Gibson informed him that they were not in the least afraid of the people — not Roman Catholics, their message was one of peace, and their God would take care of them! They then presented him with a nicely bound New Testament, and with a promise that if the people were riotous they would leave the city that night, the great man departed. Nellie writes,

"I believe we got off very, very much easier than many of our brethren in China. They often have rough times with the people, but we almost invariably meet with more or less politeness. We went to an inner room to eat our dinner, but the people could not lose such a treat as seeing us eat, so they crowded in after us. It is not the nicest imaginable circumstances under which to eat one's dinner — to have a crowd commenting upon how little you eat, how you hold your basin, how much you put in your mouth at once (or rather how little, according to Chinese ideas), the colour of your eyes, etc., etc."

The old Mandarin was not entirely satisfied with Nellie's and Miss Gibson's explanation of the reason for their visit, for on the following Saturday, Nellie wrote that an official from the Ya-Men had been to see copies of their passports.

Monday, April 15, 1889

Nellie wrote extensively of a teaching trip on which she embarked with some old friends:

"The Misses Parker and Arthur, with Miss Macintosh, have been spending three days with us on their way back from a visit to Yuh-Shan, and as they were returning to Kuei-Ki today, Miss Macintosh and I decided to go part of the way with them, hoping to do some work. For some days we have had almost incessant rain, but in answer to prayer, Sunday was fine, and this morning, though dull, not raining.

We took a quantity of books, and two young men, Fu-Li and Hua-Keo, with San-Uen-Sao (Miss Macintosh's woman) to help us. There were several passengers besides our party on the boat, and most of the time they were hearing the Gospel. Having a very strong current in our favour, we reached Hang-Hsien during the afternoon, but were rather disappointed to find a heavy rain falling again. Our idea was to make this very really and practically a 'Faith Journey,' and so had taken neither money, food, nor bedding of any kind. From the state of the weather, we could see selling books looked quite impracticable, so the Kuei-Ki sisters gave us a little money, and we stayed on the boat whilst Fu-Li went to find an inn. When he returned, we took leave of our sisters and made the best of our way through mud and rain into the city. The inn we stayed at was, if anything, rather under the average for dirt, but very crowded and so damp that after changing our wet things, our shoes, etc., were soon wet through again without going outside. After some prayer together, and specially committing Hua-Keo into our Father's hands (to be kept from re-taking opium), we took our books to the open front and began telling the Gospel. The other guests (principally coolies) pressed round, and some passersby stopped. It was really very wonderful, the little sensation we caused. However, when the crowds are less, it is often that most real work is done.

After evening rice, all the space being required, we went back to our funny little bedroom, exactly like a horse stall. A few women gathered round the door and listened attentively whilst San-Uen-Sao told them of Jesus. There being no prospect of doing anything more outside (people sleeping all over the place), we just had prayers together and retired for the night. We found the hard, cold straw not very comfortable, nor the occasional dash of rain on our faces, but as San-Uen-Sao said, it was "Happy Bitterness," and we reminded each other of the bare mountain tops on which our Master spent some of His nights.

Tuesday morning, rain still pouring down, with frequent thunder and lightning. After breakfast, some people gathered, and one man in particular sat down and eagerly drank in the Good News.

Prospect of doing much, and the trying damp made us feel it right to think of returning home. We accordingly sent Fu-Li to seek a boat, but after a while he came back saying no boats would go down

because of the weather. We then tried for wheelbarrows, but they said the roads were impassable, so next thought of chairs, but the price asked was so enormous as to put them out of the question. Not to be easily baffled, Fu-Li started off again to search for a boat, and soon returned with the good news that he had found one going to Ho-Keo, but it would not arrive there for at least two days.

The prospect was not a bright one, but having nothing better to do, we decided to make the best of it. Our walk through the streets attracted little attention, and we arrived at the boat in peace, though dripping wet. The two boys then went off to buy some food and a little earthen fire basket (price about 1½d), also to try to get some straw for bedding. The latter they were unsuccessful in obtaining, but we soon had a nice little fire and were anticipating sitting on the floor round it singing hymns all night. But our plans were suddenly upset by the arrival of a Mandarin and his servant, with a lot of luggage. He had engaged a passage in the boat and very plainly expressed his disapproval of our presence. After a few minutes, he quite changed his tone, but noticing his opium case and finding that he would be smoking during the night, at once decided for us, as we would not on any account expose Hud-Keo to such a terrible temptation and suffering as the scene of the vile drug would cause. Miss M. and I spent a few moments in prayer, and then said we would walk, spending the night at some village on the way. The two boys took off their shoes, socks, and leggings, and put on straw sandals, and by turns carried the fire, books, etc., in two baskets suspended from a bamboo pole.

The rain abated a little, and as we left the city by a nice stone path, the walking was quite pleasant. We passed a magnificent gateway erected in memory of some famous personage, and a number of huge stone images, with other remains of a fine temple, perhaps destroyed during the Tai-Ping rebellion. Then we came to a beautiful bridge across a deep valley, and soon after this reached a little village. As it was getting late, and being anxious to get further on, we did not intend staying here, but the people came round and so pressed us that we sat down and talked a little while. Our road after this gradually got worse and worse, and the rain came down more heavily. We had sent Fu-Li and Hua-Keo on before to get a place for us to sleep, but finding the road so bad, they had thoughtfully waited for us, and it is questionable how we could have done on without their help.

In some parts they placed their own feet for us to step on, but with all their care and help we were ankle-deep in mud, arriving at the inn fairly drenched after about seven or eight English miles' walk. The village people crowded in, most of them never having seen a foreigner. We got the worst of our clothing off as quickly as possible, and being ready first, I went out of the bedroom to try to speak to the people, but after a few minutes San-Uen-Sao came for me, and I returned to find Miss Macintosh lying on the straw, chattering with ague. It was getting dark, so I lay down beside her, and both were silently asking the Lord to stop the ague and fever, and prevent us all from being ill. The woman brought in a basin of hot tea and some dry clothing, after which three natives held a meeting, and very nice it sounded to hear their voices in prayer, then singing an evening hymn.

As usual, our prayer was answered, and on Wednesday morning neither of us felt much worse for the experience. About twenty miles lay between us and Ho-Keo, and to walk such roads was quite impracticable, but the Lord had provided, and after morning rice, we found three fine stalwart young men (so unlike the city barrows) waiting for us with barrows. After a short distance we found the country literally flooded. Sometimes we were passing through fields of water on little ridges less than a foot wide, at others plowing through mud far up to the spokes of the barrow wheel, or through red and yellow clay brought down by the rain from the surrounding rock. Whilst passing these worst parts, the rain came down with renewed vigor, but everyone's spirits (including the barrowmen's) kept bright, and at one time, in front of me Miss M. was singing "Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him," whilst the two boys walking at the back were brightly singing, "I am so glad that our Father is in Heaven." The first village we stopped at, the people plied us with questions, and one dear lady, after feasting her eyes upon our dripping selves, gave as her opinion that we were "fah-tsai-teh-hen," i.e., very rich and fortunate.

After dinner the rain ceased, and during the rest of our journey the sun was shining brightly. Our wet things were very soon dried, and part of the way being over dry rocks, we enjoyed a good walk. In one place the road was ablaze with masses of red azalea, bluebells, and jessamine. The two boys gathered a huge bough of each, which they carried on their shoulders. We arrived at Ho-Keo on the opposite side of the river, and found crossing the ferry was very difficult and dangerous owing to the tremendous down current. At last we got safely over, and reached the Te-Su-Tang about six o'clock, weary and hungry.

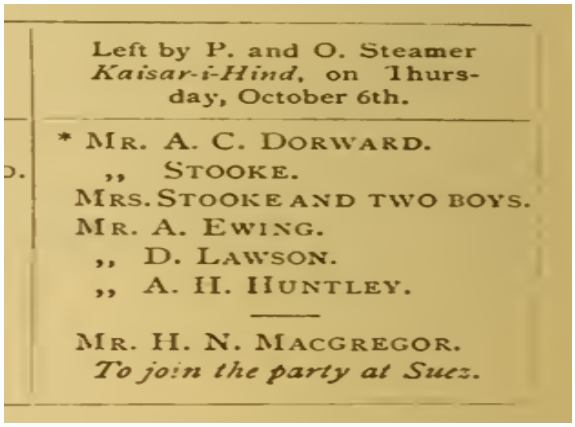
Miss MacIntosh returned to her own station that Friday, and it's clear Nellie had greatly enjoyed her company — and missed her after she left. The final entry in this part of the journal is dated August 28, 1889, and written in Ho-Keo:

"Post just going out — no time to write — all's well."

NNR

CHAPTER V — Albert Henry Huntley

Albert Henry Huntley was born July 24th, 1862, at Bristol, England. He was one of seven children — two girls and five boys. He took his missionary training at C.H. Spurgeon's Theological College in London and was sent to China in 1889, at the age of twenty-seven.


Left by P. and O. Steamer
Kaisar-i-Hind, on Thurs-
day, October 6th.

* MR. A. C. DORWARD.
,, STOOKE.
MRS. STOOKE AND TWO BOYS.
MR. A. EWING.
,, D. LAWSON.
,, A. H. HUNTLEY.

MR. H. N. MACGREGOR.
To join the party at Suez.

Fred C: This is in the mission journal as Oct 6 1887. He would have been 25. Two years younger than Nellie and arrived in China 70 days before Nellie, Nov.21. Nellie arrived Jan 30/ 1888. Oct 6 1889 was a Sunday.

The following is a reconstruction of his story, as told to his daughter Muriel in 1943:

A MISSIONARY COURTSHIP

Albert speaking to daughter Muriel in 1943

"I had been at An-king three months, studying the language, and was taken ill. It was suggested by the missionary in charge that I should go to Shanghai and see a doctor. When I was returning, the superintendent of the Mission at Shanghai said that a Mr. Archibald Ewing would be going back with me, and moreover, when I got to Chinkiang, there would be a lady missionary boarding the steamer who would be going into the province of Kiang-si. You may be sure that when we arrived at Chinkiang, quite late at night, we looked out for this lady missionary.

We stood on the gangway unobserved (so we thought) but the superintendent of the Province of Kiang-si, Mr. McCleathy, spied us — and, as I later learned, made this remark: 'Well, after all, if there are not two men travelling on this boat!' We saw the lady missionary, accompanied by an aged pastor. She went to the women's cabin for the night. I marked the cabin, and in the morning, I was around by the door and heard her inside teaching the women 'Jesus Loves Me, This I Know.' When at last she appeared on deck, we introduced ourselves, and I spent most of that day in her company. I especially had a good deal of conversation with her alone.

According to Nellie's journal, this happened in April 1888.

Toward evening, knowing we should arrive at An-king very early in the morning before she was up, I felt impelled to speak to her about the impression she had made upon me after finding out that she was not engaged, and intended not to be married. When I spoke to her, she was sitting in a deck-chair, and I had no place to sit. I, to her horror, asked if she would stand up and let me talk to her! (This, in after years, she said she regarded as a big piece of 'cheek.') I asked if she would permit me to write to her, to which she assented."

"After that, I went back to Ewing, who was in another part of the boat, and told him exactly what I had done. I did not communicate with Miss Rogers again, but I found to my amazement later in the evening that Ewing also had paid his addresses to her after I had left her! Moreover, he told me he was going to accompany her into Kiang-si. I asked him who had commissioned him to do so, but he just shrugged off the answer.

Next morning, very early, we arrived at An-king, and I got off and went up to the Language School without Ewing. Everyone wanted to know where Ewing was, and I just told them, without any comment. When Ewing returned to An-king, after accompanying Miss Rogers to her destination, I asked him, of course, what headway he had made in his courting — and gathered that very little had fallen his way.

One or two letters passed between Miss Rogers and me, but a call having come to three of us to the northwest, it seemed that correspondence would be more difficult, so I wrote her and gave her the new address. Our journey was very tedious, and it was nearly four months before we reached Hanchungfu. Of course, the first thing I looked for upon arrival was some mail from Miss Rogers. I received one letter only, which told me that our correspondence decidedly must cease! This, of course, left…me no option, even to sending a reply. I took for granted that all of my hopes were frustrated and felt that not to comply with her wish — so decidedly expressed — might be seen as rude and damage my prospects for the future.

Living alone on the east side of the city, I was left to my own thoughts and prayers about the future. To my surprise, one day in the mail that came, folded up in her handwriting, was a Baptist missionary magazine from England. This gave me the opportunity to acknowledge receipt of the same, which I did — and reiterated my request that we engage in correspondence. A letter came back, cautiously agreeing to this. The correspondence soon ripened into friendship — and later, into love. No one in Hanchungfu, not even the three ladies who lived at the Ladies' House, knew we were corresponding, because I enclosed my letters to Miss Rogers in an envelope addressed to the Secretary at Hankow, asking him to forward them to their destination. Like a good pal, he did this for me, for which I have the greatest amount of gratitude.

Fred C: I followed the movements of Albert and Nellie quite closely using old copies of the China's Millions and China Inland Mission documents (they posted, or were required to, just about everything that was going on) and I never saw any indication that there were letters going back and forth, or even that they mentioned each other, so I am guessing that such things were to be kept "not public".

In the process of time — and yet not long after — I was appointed to take charge of a station thirty miles away, in Chengku, to take the place of Mr. and Mrs. Pearce and their children, who were going to England. Mr. Pearce had but lately opened this new station, and was forced by doctors' orders to return home. So, after only 2 years stay in China, I was in charge of the station, and had to carry on the work of a full-fledged missionary!

According to Chinese etiquette, I could not teach the Chinese women — even those of our own congregation — so it was absolutely necessary that there should be a lady missionary on the station. This brought the question of marriage to the front, so I wrote to Miss Rogers at the same time that I wrote to the Missionary Superintendent in Shanghai, and proposed.

The superintendent agreed to her removal [from her station] after the marriage had taken place. Miss Rogers accepted my proposal. The family grapevine suggests that the acceptance came after much convincing and cajoling. I joined a party of ladies going west, down the Yangtse River to Chungking, and then overland to Paoning, where Bishop Cassels was stationed. For me to meet my fiancée at the station at any given time was an impossibility.

She might take from 2 to 4 months performing the journey! So, if I reckoned on the earlier period to arrive there, I might have to wait 2 months for her to come — on the other hand, if she arrived in 2 months, and I had reckoned on… she would have to wait 2 months for me! There would be no possible means of communication with her at the station to which she was going. What was I to do?

Well, I had the journey mapped out before me, and I tried to mark her progress day by day and week by week, reckoning where she might be at any given time. For me to reach Paoningfu would entail a journey over the mountains of 300 English miles, and the only way to accomplish this was to walk it! The time I allotted myself was 10 days, utilizing the regular stages of the journey where I could spend the nights. So, I obtained a native evangelist from Hanchungfu to take my place in carrying on the work at Chengku, as far as he was able.

Just before 3 months had expired in my fiancée's travel, I determined to take a chance. I started out with a coolie carrying my bed, and arrived at Paoningfu on the 10th day. Of course, the first thing for me to do there was to get the native barber to shave my head, comb my hair, and plait my pigtail, so as to be presentable to the foreign missionaries at that station. Just in the midst of that operation I heard a native servant in the yard call out the words, "Lo ku-niang lai-liao." This was interpreted, to my great joy, to mean "Miss Rogers has arrived!" So it turned out that I had arrived there just about one hour before she did!

The two ladies on the compound, Mrs. Cassels and Mrs. Williams, put her in a private room at once for a rest, and, to my chagrin, I found that I should have to wait some hours

before I could see her. It seems that she had left the boat and taken the last day's journey overland, and in this way had reached Paoningfu about one week earlier than her fellow travellers. Now, as all good things come to those who wait (provided they wait long enough), I was at last shown into the room where Miss Rogers awaited me.

Fred C: Nellie had a turn with malaria back in August. (an entry from Aug 2)

I must have expressed my astonishment at the change which had taken place in her since last we had met. At that time she was buxom and strong-looking, but now I found her pale and thin — so much so that had she been placed in a company of ladies, I might have found it difficult to pick her out! This was quite a setback in my expectations, especially as the ladies who had received her had expressed the opinion that she was not strong enough to be married.So we waited a couple of weeks, and I engaged in work on that station, one time leading the Anglican service for the native congregation, and at another time going out into the villages with Mr. Montague Beauchamp (now Earl Beauchamp) preaching in the open air.

Then the wedding day was set [February, 1891.] We had a beautiful Anglican service in English, though most of the guests were Chinese, and did not understand a word. The bridesmaid was Miss Florence Barclay, who is now Lady Beauchamp. After an interview we gathered for a wedding breakfast, kindly provided by the ladies. The native boy who waited the table was the first to address my wife as "Lei Si-niang!" — at which everyone more than smiled. For our honeymoon, we had a week on the river on a small native boat, which took 10 days to take us to another Anglican mission station, where two unmarried lady missionaries were 'holding the fort.'

After a 2-day visit, we started overland to Hanchungfu, my bride riding in a sedan chair with 3 bearers. The weather was inauspicious as we crossed the mountains. There was rain and sleet, and the roads were very muddy and slippery! As we climbed, I looked a sorry bridegroom, walking behind the sedan with sandalled feet, but I managed to keep up. Later on, when we got nearer Hanchungfu, I was fortunate enough once or twice to obtain a ride on a pony going that way, so that the return journey for her was not as arduous as the trip out.

Upon arrival at Hanchungfu, we were kindly received by Mr. and Mrs. Easton. The rest there was very welcome for us both, as much to Nellie as to myself, for travelling in a sedan chair all that distance over dangerous passes is very nerve-wracking. To our surprise, the next day Mrs. Easton put on another wedding breakfast for us, with another cake, and invited the three young lady missionaries from the Ladies' Home in Hanchungfu.

Next day, we started for our station, Chengku-hsien, and arrived that evening, being joyfully welcomed by the native Christians.

CHAPTER VI

Chengku-Hsien, Shen-si, China

Nellie and Albert's first child, a son they named Reginald George, died at birth in June, 1892. It is said that it may have been due to a severe fright that Nellie suffered during a riot. While they were stationed in Chengku, they were blessed with the birth of their second child. Cyril was born February 9th, 1893, in nearby Hanchung. A daughter, Muriel, was born at the station on April 4th, 1894. The second daughter, Irene, was born on January 9th, 1896, while the Huntleys were on furlough in Weston-Super-Mare, England. Their last child, Sylvia, arrived on January 10th, 1896, at Chengku.

Nellie worked faithfully with Albert all the years that they were in West China. The climate and the food did not agree with Nellie, and she contracted malaria and lost considerable weight. That she loved her work with the women and was held in great esteem by her fellow missionaries both native and English, is apparent in the way Nellie writes about her travels and work.

Nellie and Albert were not alone all the time they were in China. There is mention of Albert's brother, Doctor George Huntley, being on the station with them, in letters.

CHAPTER VII

Chinese Visa, 1894

A visa was necessary for all people to travel from one province to another, and even from town to town, in China at this time. The visas were written in Chinese characters on rice paper, with a cheesecloth backing, and measured 20 inches long and 16 inches wide. They were carried rolled up like a scroll.

Albert kept the visa that had been issued to him in 1894. It is now beautifully framed, and hangs in the home of one of Nellie's grandchildren. What follows is a translation of the visa:

VISA

Granted by the British Commissioner for the Chinese Hankow Department of Trade and Commerce:

According to the Tientsin Agreement, Clause 9, citizens of the United Kingdom, the holders of this Visa are permitted to travel through China. Carriers of goods or cargo have to obtain a commercial permit issued by the Commissioner and to be stamped by the Chinese local authorities. Upon presentation of such permit, any goods or carriers of goods are permitted to pass through without any interference. If such permit is not available and if any deceit or illegal act is suspected, the party concerned will be liable for penalty, and is to be delivered to the nearest Embassy. During such time, the party will only be imprisoned, and not mistreated.

Concerning a certain British Minister, Lui Sheng-Ming, who wishes to travel to We-Pei, Sheng-Si, Kan-Shao, Ho-Nan, and Sze-Tsuen, this permit is to be produced for examination, and he is to be protected and treated with esteemed respect by the local officials of the Great Ching Dynasty.

The Tientsin Commissioner wishes that the holder of this Visa will not be overcome with any difficulties.

“Stamped Received”
Issued to Minister Lui Sheng-Hing on December 2, 1894.

Chinese calendar, November 9,
Stamped: *“Tak-Tui. Commander for the Districts of We-Pei, Kan-Han, and Kwan-Han.”*
Visa expires after one year.
Kwong-Tsu year 23.
Ching Dynasty.

Cyril Huntley with framed visa

CHAPTER VIII

A Trip From Chengku to Sinsiang

Transcribed from a letter from Nellie to her church friends in England

Chengku-Hsien, Shen-Si, China — October, 1893

"THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN!"

We have been away from our station exactly five weeks, and returned two days since. This account of our journey will have been written at odd times, but so far as I can remember, I will give you anything likely to be of interest. I do hope you dear friends will not mind these circular letters. The fact is I have not the time to follow the inclination of my own heart and write many of you individually, but believe me, you are not forgotten, and I would like you to realize as you read this, that you were lovingly thought of by me as I wrote.

Well, now I must go back to Wednesday morning, September 20th. I was up in the morning early, for many things had to be attended to before we started. However, in due time we were ready… farewell words spoken, and we were really off. Shall I describe our party? First was my old woman, Li-Ta-Niang, whom we wished to ride an animal, but the only answer we can ever get to such a suggestion is, "No, I am nearly 60 years of age and have never ridden yet and will not begin now!"

So altogether, the old lady walked over 4 days' journey and seems no worse for the exertion. She has a most comical gait, and many times I smile to myself at the indescribable sort of "dot and carry 1" trot which she kept up all the time.

Next on the list is Liu-Ta-Ko, our Evangelist, with a big basket on his back. He went with us to help in the work. Our coolie, Lau-Mu, carried a small load of bedding and a hired coolie with another load. Then came Miss Harrison in a 3-bearer chair, and myself in another, with baby's bassinette tied on behind. Albert, of course, rode the black donkey. Now, I have omitted the most important personage of all, for, of course, the baby (Cyril) went with us.

George [Albert's brother] came down to the river outside the city to see us off and carried the young gentleman so far, when I took him into my chair, quite expecting that he would be delighted with the novelty of a chair ride. But, so far from being delighted, no sooner had the bearers raised the poles to their shoulders from the ferry boat, then Cyril began to scream with all his might, kicking his legs and pushing his hands against the side of the chair in a most inconvenient manner, and crying, "Dada, Dada!"

I suppose we must have gone about a mile in this way, when Albert overtook us and took baby in front of him on the donkey. This is just what the little turk wanted, and he was as happy as a king when mounted up in front of his father. Although we must have ridden about 25 miles out of the 28 on the first day's journey, we stopped several times for refreshment and rest, and each time the people crowded round, amazed and amused to see an eight-month-old baby fed with a spoon. His blue eyes and "yellow silk hair," as they called it, caused many remarks — perhaps the most frequent we heard about him was "Deh-lien-lien-ri-tihr" i.e., "white as a lily."

Our way lay through some beautiful hill scenery and we were glad to relieve the bearers by walking some of the hills. It was nearly dark when we reached Sha-Ho-Kar, our stopping place for the night.

Baby, having dropped asleep, I took him in the chair and pulled down the blinds so as to pass into the inn without being seen, for we were quite too tired to entertain visitors that night.

The first thing was to make up Baby a bed and get him settled. It was amusing to see him open his big eyes, look round the dingy little room and then into my face — as much as to say, "What have you brought me here for?" However, he went very happily to bed, without a cry, and slept well. In spite of our precautions, some women found us out, but we escaped quietly to bed after our supper of bean sprouts and curd, and of course, rice.

Next morning, we made our preparations by lamplight, ate two flour balls (each of which the Evangelist bought for us) and again started on our journey. The weather looked very threatening; in fact, a few drops of rain fell. My bearers said that they hoped Heaven would keep the rain until we arrived. Little did they think that, in answer to our prayers, not Heaven, but Heaven's King did hold back the rain until immediately after our arrival at our destination, when it literally poured down for days.

Nothing of note occurred the 2nd day, when within sight of the city, Sinsiang. Albert suggested that I should take Baby in the chair so as to cause less attraction. The chairs were to enter by one gate and the others go in another way. I took Baby and pulled my blinds down for about a half hour's misery. Can you imagine being shut up in a box about 2½ feet wide by 3½ feet long, with a screaming, kicking baby, the said kicks making us expect an accident every moment, the bearers grumbling, and our presence suspected by the passers-by who seemed to smell a foreigner.

At last, to my intense relief, I could tell by the increased darkness in the chair that we had entered a house. We had been discovered! and a crowd followed us in, and persistently stayed, watching our movements until the lateness of the hour drove them away. We should probably have had a repetition of this every day for some days, but for the heavy rains, and I was suffering somewhat severely from neuralgia (intermittent and severe pains) in my head. It seemed proof of our Father's living arrangement.

Some of you will know that Albert succeeded a month or two since in renting a very suitable house in Sinsiang, so being in our own house, we were far more comfortable than in an inn. Mr. Chang and his wife are in charge of the house, work in the absence of foreigners, the former having been sent out and supported by the Chengku church.

Now I fear some of you may tire of my domestic details, and I fancy someone asking, "What of the work?" I have asked myself this question several times lately, and I wonder — will it start the fire? Our Master only knows how frightfully marred it is, so unfit for His acceptance, and I could not help thinking sometimes that the abuse which His Holy Name received from the hands of heathen must have grieved Him far less than the faults and failings of His own children. How sad that He should

be wounded in the house of His friends! I once heard it said that "every time a Christian sins, the Devil grins in the face of Our Lord!" Dear friends, is it not awful? What of the work? He only knows what the harvest will be. I am most afraid to write many particulars, for perhaps before this reaches you, what looks like success and encouragement will have turned to bitter disappointment. It is so intensely difficult to tell the motive of a Chinaman. But I will give you a few details, for I should like you all to take an intelligent interest in this new work.

Fred C: I must admit I needed some help understanding that last paragraph so I got some.

AI comments: *She imagines that readers might be growing tired of hearing about domestic details, and might be wondering, "What about the mission work? What's actually being accomplished?" She admits she's asked herself that same question—and then wrestles with whether their efforts are making any spiritual impact at all.*

The phrase "will it start the fire?" is likely her way of asking whether all this work will spark true spiritual revival or change.

Then she gets into this really heavy spiritual reflection. She's feeling discouraged and doubtful. She says their efforts are "frightfully marred" and not good enough for God. She even suggests that the way non-Christians dishonor God might be less painful to Him than the hypocrisy or failings of Christians themselves. That line "wounded in the house of His friends" is a poetic way of saying God is hurt more by those who claim to love Him and then fall short.

When she mentions the Devil grinning whenever a Christian sins, it's her way of expressing how seriously she takes the responsibility of being a good representative of her faith. She feels the weight of that responsibility and is really worried they might be failing in it.

And finally, when she says she doesn't want to write too many "particulars," it's because she's afraid what looks like progress might end up falling apart. She also admits it's very hard to truly know what a local person's real motives are—whether they're genuinely interested in the faith or just going along for other reasons.

So, in short: she's feeling the emotional weight of the mission, questioning its impact, worrying about their own shortcomings, and afraid to get too hopeful too soon.

Me: Ok got that now!

For the first week (owing to the rain) we had not very many visitors, but preaching was carried on daily by Albert and the native brethren in the street, and I think few days passed without at least one man responding to Albert's invitation to come into the guest hall for some conversation about "the doctrine," and in most cases it ended in the man kneeling for the first time to the only True God, and asking for mercy and pardon through Jesus' merit!

The second Sunday of our visit being finer, we arranged to have men's and women's services separately. Albert had the men (or rather, tried to) in the guest hall, and we had the women in a side room. The women were quiet and attentive, as I talked until tired out physically of the wonderful story of Jesus. But the sight of seeing and hearing a foreign lady was quite too powerful an attraction for the men, and so we had a far larger audience of them round the door and window than of women inside.

Some hundreds must have heard the Gospel that morning, but we decided to try for a more orderly state of things on the following Sunday. This we accomplished by using a large stable at the back of the house for the women's meeting, and not allowing men to pass through. I think I never had a more attentive audience than the 50 or 60 heathen women gathered in front of me in that stable. I spoke from 3 or 4 simple texts and realized the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

AI Image

On our 4th and last Sunday in the city, we had the same arrangement; the women were more in number and quite as attentive, as I spoke on the marriage feast and the wedding garment. One can make these parables most delightfully realistic in Chinese, and I enjoy telling them so much more than in English. After the first week, Miss Harrison and I were kept fairly busy with visitors — some interesting and interested, others only caring to see us. We decided to invite some women enquirers to come stay with us in the house for a week for daily instruction. 25 were asked, but only 11 were able to come. Of these, 3 were girls, and 3 were opium smokers — the latter were taking medicine and promised, relying on God's strength, to break the awful habit.

We kept them busy all day, Miss Harrison teaching them the catechism and I the life of Our Lord, but had not time to touch parables or miracles. Never did I enjoy a bit of work more than sitting with those 11 women round a table and telling them for the first time details of the wonderful birth and death of Our Lord. Oh, that they may each one take that wonderful loving Saviour for her own!

The remark of one dear old woman pleased me much. She comes from San-Yuan-Pu (the place we visited on our way home, of which I will tell you). Her name is Mrs. Tsu — she is quite blind, lost her eyesight through some extreme grief, for not only have they been reduced from comfortable circumstances to poverty, but have lost 12 of 14 children! She heard a visitor one day complaining to me of the badness of her sores, etc., etc. Mrs. Tsu turned toward the woman her poor sightless eyes, and said, "I once was like you, always grieving over my trials, but now I believe in Jesus. My heart has peace, and although my eyes are blind, I can see the walls of Heaven, and I shall soon be there!" Thank God for one, at least, of whom we cannot doubt — she has entered the Kingdom.

Perhaps the most interesting case we met in Sinsiang was that of an elderly woman named "Hsiong." Late one evening, after we had retired, she came in to hear the doctrine. (She lived near us.) Miss Harrison, my woman, and some of the brethren took part in the conversation with her, for she was no ordinary China woman — could read and write, and was much inclined to argue. She had been a vegetarian for many years, and I think the friends found it a difficult task to convince her of its uselessness. However, she promised to come again and hear more, but she said, "I shall not come in the daytime. I should be so much ridiculed!" A few nights after this, a request came that "the foreigner would go to see an old woman who had broken her thigh." Thinking he would be unable to do any good in such a case, Albert asked Mr. Liu to go and see what it really was. He found the sufferer to be no other than Mrs. Hsiong.

The story is this: Some weeks since, her family were worshipping their ancestors, burning paper, etc., when the part of the house they were in caught fire. One of the mud walls left standing among the ruins had become softened by the rains, and as the old lady was passing near, it fell, crushing her and breaking her thigh. They had called a native doctor who had clumsily set the broken limb but the pain was so great that they sent to see if the foreigner could do anything. The next day they sent again, and Albert went to see her.

From that day until we left, one of us went nearly every day. Albert gave sleeping draughts and was able to ease the pain a little, but the most important part was the remarkable change in the woman's spirit. All faith in vegetarianism gone, she confessed herself a great sinner and expressed her belief in Jesus. She was quite willing for us to pray with her and, although we could not be certain of her conversion, she seemed in a most hopeful condition when we left, and the family promised to send for Miss Harrison every day. A woman of character like this one deservedly has great respect from and much influence over her acquaintances, so that the devil is sure to strain every nerve before parting with her, but our God is stronger than the strong man armed, and shall not the prey be snatched away from the mighty?

The opposition shown in Sinsiang struck me as differing in one respect from any I had seen before — that it was not directed against the missionaries as foreigners, but against the doctrine. Never did I

hear Our Blessed Lord's name used so much by the heathen. On Sundays, men and boys would shout in our doorway, "Jesus is coming today," and quite solemnly one woman said to me she had come to see Jesus.

From one of the cross beams in the guest hall a piece of rope was hanging, from which we had suspended an impromptu swing for Baby, and some of the men (I cannot be quite certain if from ignorance or pure blasphemy) said, pointing to the rope, "That is their Jesus." On two different occasions, little straw effigies of Our Lord holding a bamboo cross and with papers covered with blasphemous writings attached were placed on our front doorstep. What awful work Satan makes his servants do.

One of the special features of this city is the really good embankment which its inhabitants have built by the riverside. I think it must be more than a mile in length, and the path being raised in the centre always forms a nice, clean promenade. A beautiful lot of willows form quite an avenue down on the shore, and beyond these to the edge of the water is a border of pampas grass. One morning, Albert took Baby and me for a walk along the embankment, and it was amusing to see the people running from all directions, great boys and men scrambling up the banks until we felt something like a circus troupe. Certainly a big Mandarin would not have had such a troop of followers as we had. Baby pleased the people immensely with the pretty smiles which he lavished on them, and it seems the uglier the face of the person who notices him, the more sweetly he smiles.

One old man insisted on giving him a few cash to buy a bread. I believe the little fellow's presence did much towards breaking down prejudice. Strange how I find Baby constantly coming into the letter! Whilst on the subject, I must tell you one thing more, for the sake of those of you who are mothers — and you who are not will forgive me, I know. You must know that like his father, he is very fond of the water. We bought a tub at Sinsiang so he might have his morning baths as usual, and great was the amusement and delight of the natives when allowed to come in and see his aquatic sports. We found the fame of these baths had reached for miles around. In the hope of strengthening him, we are in the habit of pouring a stream of quite cold water over his back and chest just before taking him out. At this, they were horrified and seemed to think we were about to kill the child, until they saw how bravely he enjoys it.

For various reasons, only 11 names were written up as recognized enquirers or learners, although we hope the names of many more are written in the "Lamb's Book of Life." On October 20th, we said goodbye to the friends at Sinsiang, leaving with them Miss Harrison, who hopes to spend 1 or 2 months longer there. For many reasons, we would have stayed longer, but it seemed clear we ought not, one reason being that George's time with us is short now and we did not like to leave him alone longer. He intends leaving here at the end of December.

We wanted to visit a market town called San-Yuan-Pu, so came home by another route, travelling only about 17 miles the first day. But oh, what a terrible state the road was in from the heavy rains! Sometimes my chair bearers were ankle deep in clay soil. The chair hired in Sinsiang was a very uncomfortable one, hanging all on one side, and once my front bearer was down on his knees in the mud. But this was not so serious as an accident the donkey and its riders met with.

We were going up a rather steep hill, which I had preferred walking. I was somewhat panting for breath, when Albert laughingly called out to me, "See how we do it." And he did it in an unexpected way, for the donkey went down on all fours and his riders with him! Thank God no one was hurt, but the poor beast required a good deal of persuasion before getting on his legs again.

We arrived safely at San-Yuan-Pu in the afternoon, but before telling you of our doings there, I want to go back to Sinsiang for a minute or two in order that you may "praise the Saviour." On two occasions we had children brought to the house suffering from smallpox, and in both cases Baby was in close contact with them before we knew it! I must confess to having felt very anxious, but the plague has not come nigh our dwelling. Albert made a queer mistake. After the first child came in, he thought it would be wise to give us all a good sprinkling with carbolic, but the very next day he discovered that in his haste, he had taken the wrong bottle and sprinkled us thoroughly with a mixture of iron!

We spent 3 days in San-Yuan-Pu with plenty of visitors and a few seemingly interested in our message. Of course, we stayed in an inn but had a convenient room for receiving guests. Albert tried to rent a room for the enquirers to meet for worship, but the price asked was prohibitory. At a little meeting held on Monday morning, a few names were entered as enquirers and we feel that 2 or 3 are ready for baptism. Please pray that the little band of believers there may be kept.

Hoping to do a very long stage and reach Cheng-Ku in one day, we decided to start at daybreak on Tuesday. We were up long before light and took Cyril up asleep, but he rather enjoyed the novelty of the proceedings and seemed no worse for his early morning ride in a dense fog. We had to travel 17 miles before coming to an inn for breakfast, and that over rough mountain paths through wild, beautiful scenery. We stayed in a valley, fetched water from a stream and made Baby's food on a little "Etna" stove.

We had no chair accident, but twice the donkey went down. The first time Baby was riding, but fortunately, when the fall was a more serious one, he was with me. The bank on which Albert was riding gave way, and he rolled 6 or 7 feet down into a rice field, with one foot hanging in a stirrup. The slight mishaps only helped show us what might have been but for Our Father having given His angels charge concerning us.

The sun was setting when from a hill top we caught sight of the river and of the walls of the city we call home. But for a full clear moon, we should have had to go some miles in the dark. Very weary, we reached the ferry at last, only to find that the boats had stopped for the night. Our man shouted across that a "great man" was waiting who would reward them (the boatmen) if they would come and fetch us. After what seemed a very long time of waiting, we heard the welcome splashing of the poles. The "great man" gave a handsome reward and soon after, we arrived safely at home.

George had such a nice welcome awaiting us, the house all beautifully clean, seemed like a palace after the inns, and the supper which was soon relaid seemed the best meal. A little band of Christians had been waiting with George at the river, but, concluding we would not arrive that night, had gone home.My letter is reaching a long length, and I fear will be wearisome, but I send it hoping it may be the means of strengthening your faith and trust in our ever God, and that every dear friend who reads this will give his or herself afresh to prayer for the needy workers in Cheng-Ku, the little flock of Christians in the district, and the millions of heathen still in darkness.

Yours in the love of Jesus,
Ellen (Nellie) Rebecca Huntley

Fred C: Murel was born April 4th 1894

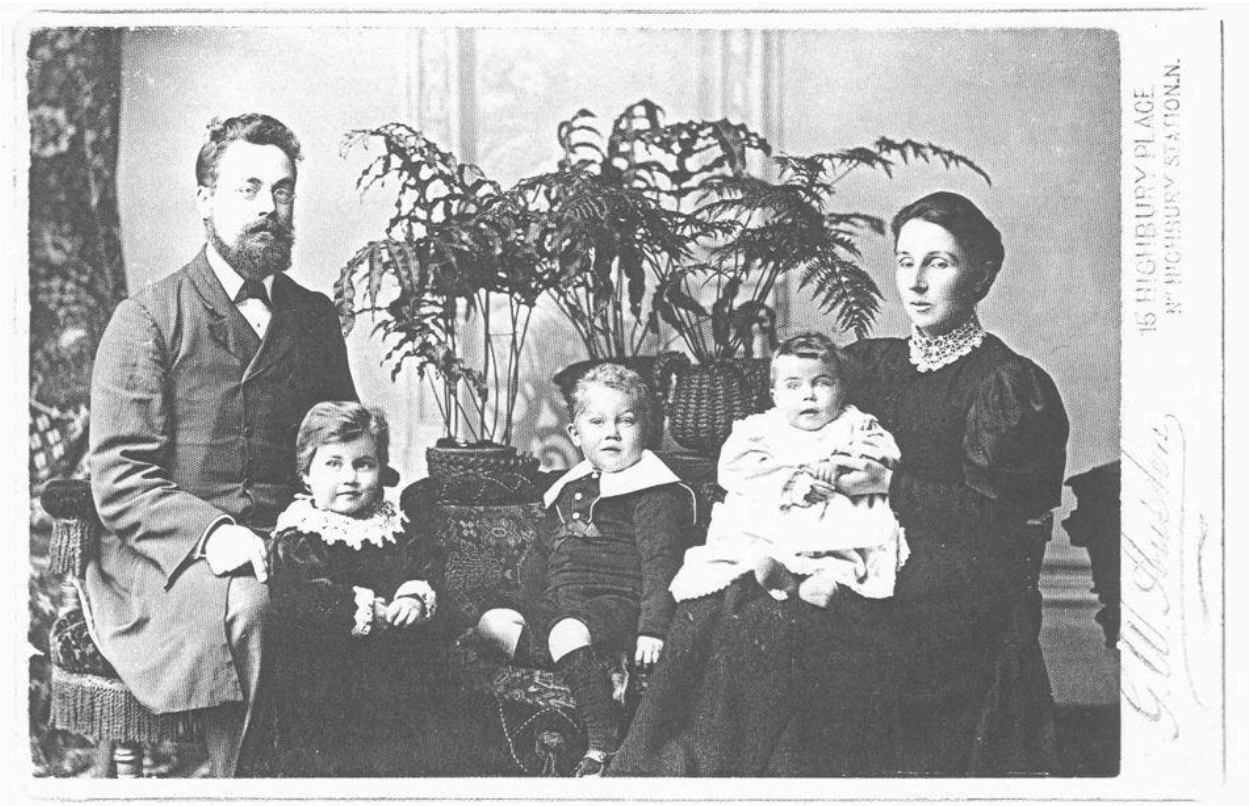
CHAPTER IX
Move to Chefoo

In 1899, the Huntleys moved to Chefoo, a coastal city in the province of Shantung. A China Inland Mission school was located there and the children were old enough to attend. Nellie and Albert had a house built for the family. Nellie's health improved, although she was still quite anemic. At Chefoo, she had a Bible class of Chinese women. Albert severed his connection with the mission and took charge of a silk filature ("reeling," or spinning silk from cocoons) and lace school. In the latter, Chinese girls learned to make lace, and also received a general education.

Nellie holding baby Muriel, Albert, young Cyril.

Chinese hat and shoes worn by the Huntley babies.

Fred C: Irene was born January 9, 1896



Albert, Muriel, Cyril, Rene, Nellie, before Sylvia was born.

Fred C: Sylvia was born January 10, 1898 at Chengku

Nellie and Albert had been in Chengku for about 8 years. At this point, the family had survived many anti-white and anti-Christian riots. They had endured the curiosity of the Chinese people, who followed them, staring as though at zoo specimens. The Japanese had invaded China in 1894/95. Political unrest was rampant.

The move to Chefoo was not the end of the troubles for the family. The Boxer Rebellion, which pitted the Dowager Empress against her son, the Emperor of the Ching Dynasty, occurred in 1900. In 1904 and 1905, the Japanese and Russians were skirmishing over Chinese landholds. There are stories that the family had “many miraculous escapes” during this time, but details about when, where — and from what — have been lost, unfortunately. It is possible that Nellie and Albert left China because of the political unrest.

Rene, Nellie, Sylvia, Albert, Muriel, Cyril.

Chinese Servant, Rene 3½ years, Sylvia 1⅓ years, Nellie, Muriel 5 years, Cyril 6¼ years.

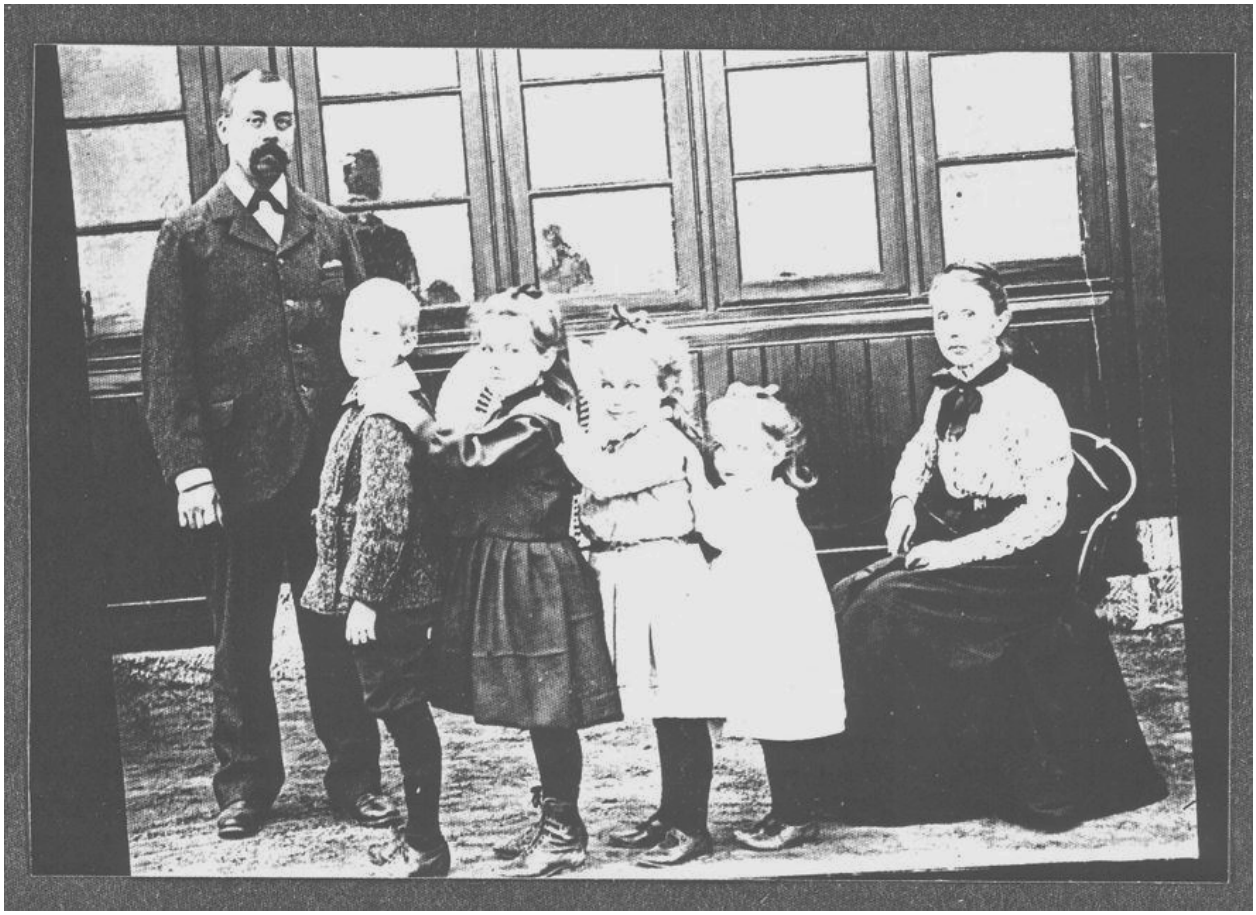
(As an historical note: by 1911 full revolution was underway in China. In 1912 the Emperor's government collapsed, and he was forced to abdicate.)

During the Boxer Rebellion, the Huntley family was evacuated to Wei-Hoi-Wei, which is east of Chefoo and also on the coast. Albert still travelled about China a great deal, but now for business instead of missionary work. There are no details of the evacuation available, but it is apparent that Albert was not with the family, at Wei-Hoi-Wei, for at least a short period of time. Simple arithmetic puts Cyril at about 7 years old in 1900. The following is a copy of a letter that Cyril wrote to his father:

Wei-Hoi-Wei — July 13

My Dear Father:
Would you come by the next steamer that leaves. Irene wants you to come.
All of us have been taken by a Japanese gentleman who likes to take photos. The one I am sending has been cut down. In the large one there were some children in the water.

Your loving son,
Cyril Huntley



Nellie was not the only writer in the family. Muriel, Nellie's oldest daughter, put pen to paper to tell the story of:

A Missionary Kid's Christmas
by Muriel Marnes, 1978

As a missionary kid in Shantung Province of China, Christmas was a very happy and exciting time. For several weeks before Christmas, our study room was the exclusive property of the children. We busied ourselves making paper chains and other ornaments for the tree, as well as gifts for the family.

I remember one long strip of red "poor" Chinese cloth, on which we posted a giant Christmas greeting made of cotton batting. Letters pasted on with homemade paste and hung over the door.

It was a special day when Father took us up into the hills and we cut a young pine tree to bring home and decorate.

The Sunday before Christmas, we walked, as usual, the two miles along the beach to our church. I can still recall the crunch of the frozen sea foam under our shoes. After church, we went to the main post office and — oh! what excitement to receive packages from our relatives in England. Father would put them upon a high bookshelf away from prying fingers. On Christmas Eve we hung our socks at the foot of our beds and tried valiantly to stay awake long enough to catch Santa filling them. The big treat was a real orange in the toe of each sock, the only one all year.

After distributing small gifts to our servants on Christmas morning, we were allowed the indescribable pleasure of opening the mysterious gifts. Then came a hearty dinner, followed by a walk on the beach. After that, we returned home to gather around the fireplace to roast chestnuts and play games such as "Simon Says Thumbs Up." All through the season, we were made aware that this was the birthday of our Lord Jesus.

In 1906, Albert made a business trip to England that lasted several months. Two letters from Cyril, now aged 13, to Albert are reproduced:

"Leyholme, Chefoo — March 24th, 1906

My dear Father:

Thank you ever so much for the lovely watch. Mother gave it to me this morning and I am sure I will take care of it.

The other day, Mr. MacCarthy called me to his study and asked me if I was going in for the College of Preceptors [Teachers] and I said Yes! He then told me that he had sent my name tentatively, and wanted to know if I felt I could pass or not, because he does not want you to pay the money and then have me fail. I told him I will do my best. He also told me that he is very pleased with my work so far this term, and so did Mr. MacOwan.

The other night, it was snowing quite a little, but to my surprise, in the morning there was not a sign of snow or rain, but the ground was hard and parched. Weather, on the whole, is fine here. I hope you are having it too.

The MacMillans and Cornwalls got a newborn baby.Mr. Taylor has not come back yet, and Mrs. Taylor has got a gentleman and lady named Mr. and Mrs. Walsh living next door to her. They have a little girl and boy.Today we are having a whole holiday in honour of Tommy Hutton, who has won a scholarship for four years. He sat at an exam with the first university men, and came

out anywhere. Mother is busy darning stockings just now, so she cannot write, but sends her love.Now I must close, for it is bedtime, with much love and many kisses from

Your most loving son,
Cyril Ernest Huntley

The second letter has been marked with red ink, with spelling mistakes and errors in punctuation noted. It would appear that the letter is a school exercise the teacher gave Cyril a 7/10 for his efforts:

"Leyholme, Chefoo — North China Schools

My dear Father:

Thank you very much for your nice letter and for the crests.

Today is the anniversary of the French Revolution, and as there are eight French ships here, there was a great noise from the guns this morning. The "Wisconsin" won the Fourth of July Trophie. Mr. Junkin took part in quite a few events and did well too.

The third of August is "Prize Giving Day," instead of at the end of the next term.

I have completed and given two things for the Exhibition, and I am doing my third.

Your loving son,
Cyril E. Huntley"

CHAPTER X
On To Canada

In March 1907, the Huntleys left Chefoo to move to Canada. On the way, they stopped for a week in Shanghai and stayed in a hotel while awaiting the arrival of Albert's brother, George, who had set up a hospital in Hangyang. George, his wife, and daughter Gladys met with the Albert Huntleys for a last visit before they left for Canada.

The family crossed the Pacific on the small steamer *R.M.S. Tartar* and were about 4 weeks en route. They were all sea-sick during the first week, but after getting their "sea-legs," they enjoyed the voyage. They landed at Victoria, British Columbia, and expected to go to Calgary, Alberta to settle. However, plans were changed, as Albert had been assigned to a small Baptist church in Ladner, B.C., on the Fraser River. There, they lived in a parsonage belonging to the church. Nellie soon established herself as a devoted "minister's wife."

Rene, Uriel, Cyril, Muriel,
Nellie, Albert, Sylvia, July 2nd, 1919.

Uncle George, Cyril, Muriel, Albert,
Nellie, Cousin Gladys, Irene, Sylvia, Aunt Elizabeth,
In Shanghai just before leaving for Canada.

Albert kept a tight rein on the purse-strings, so she had very little money to spend. Like many women of her day, she knew very little about financial affairs, and learned to cope with her limited budget without complaint. She read a great deal, mostly religious books and periodicals, and read aloud beautifully. She had an excellent memory. On Sunday evenings, she used to tell the children stories of her girlhood, and felt in them a nostalgia for her homeland.

Cyril was 14, and was attending school at college in Summerland. He received letters from the aunt and uncle they had left behind in China:

"Hangyang, China — Nov. 1907"

My dear Cyril,

A Merry Christmas to you, and many more. We are all well, as usual, here in Hangyang. Two new missionaries have come this Autumn, so our numbers are increasing, for which we feel very thankful and glad. Rev. Waylaw Gates, U.A., is living with us until we move over into the new house on the hospital compound. We like him very much. Our house is getting on now, and we are hoping to move in for Christmas, but much depends on the weather.

I wonder how you will enjoy a Canadian winter. Plenty of cold and tobogganing, eh?

With love from Uncle George as well as myself.

Aunt Lizzie Huntley

His immediate family kept in touch with him, as well…

"Leyholme — Ladner, B.C. — Jan. 1st, 1908"

My own Darling Cyril: This is New Year's Day and I wish you a very happy New Year. Thank you ever so much for the lovely little postcard you sent me for Christmas. I made a pen-wiper for you, but as soon as it was finished, I found I did not like it. I hope you had a very happy Christmas at Mrs. Ireland's.

On New Year's Eve, Father and Mother went out to Crescent Island to watch a night service. They did not get home till 2 o'clock this morning. Of course, they both lay in bed late this morning, so I got up, lit the fire, swept the kitchen, fed the chickens, washed and dried the dishes, and laid the table.

These are the Christmas presents I got: Mrs. Deane, card; Estelle, text; Ethel, a little artificial rose with a scent bottle in it like they have at the drug store; Mrs. Livingstone, gold photo frame; Eula, Tales from Shakespeare; Mother and Father, a purse; Mr. Longhurst, a box of stationery

and pencil box; Grandma, pin cushion; Aunt Selena, 60 cents; Cousin Maggie, postcard. Isn't that a lovely little list?

In your letter, please answer me this riddle, "Why do the Baptists raise so much money in B.C.?"

Mr. Clark has moved me up two classes into the Junior Fourth.

Are you in the photo of the class that Muriel sent us? I must close now.

With much love,
Your little sister,
Irene

Irene was 12 years old in 1908.

Leyholme — Ladner, B.C. — Jan. 1st, 1908

My own dear Cyril:

We are all quite well. Please write to me as soon as you can. I hope you had a happy Christmas. I did. I got a handkerchief from Avery Price, and Mother and Father gave me a nice little purse. Aunt Selena gave me 60 cents. Mr. Longhurst stayed with us for Christmas and he gave me a picture of two little girls in their nightgowns feeding their pet rabbit, and he gave me some stationery. Irene gave me a cup and saucer. Mildred gave me a lovely red ribbon, and Grandma gave me a sweet little basket. Thank you ever so much for the lovely little Post Card you sent me.

With much love,
From your loving sister,
Sylva (age 10)

CHAPTER XI

The Return to England

Nellie, no doubt, was pleased when Albert was given a new post in England in 1908. The family left Ladner with Irene and Sylva, picked up Cyril and Muriel from the Baptist boarding school that they were attending in Summerland, and crossed Canada by train. They sailed from Quebec City on the *Empress of Britain.*

The Huntleys lived in England for three years in a village called Dilton, a suburb of Westbury, Wiltshire. Part of this time, Albert was pastor of a Baptist church in Dilton. Nellie worked conscientiously in the church. It was a great joy to her to have members of her family come to

visit them. She took the opportunity to take a week-long holiday in her native town of Colchester. She stayed with a brother and spent her time meeting many old friends.

While in Dilton, Nellie developed peritonitis. By the time it was diagnosed, Nellie was so ill that she could not be taken to the hospital. The doctor had to perform the corrective surgery on the dining room table. Nellie credits the doctor's great skill, and God's Grace, for pulling her through.

CHAPTER XII

Back to Canada

Cyril was 17 when, in 1910, he decided that he had fallen in love with the Okanagan while going to school in Summerland. He realized that he yearned to be a fruit-grower. His folks allowed him to return to Canada and apprenticed him for a year to a grower in Penticton, to be sure that he would stick with it. Nellie wrote in her Bible: *"Our Cyril left Liverpool for Penticton, B.C., Canada on Feb. 10, 1910."* One year later, the notes in Nellie's Bible read, *"Albert, Muriel, Irene, Sylva and I left the dear homeland Feb. 22, 1911."*

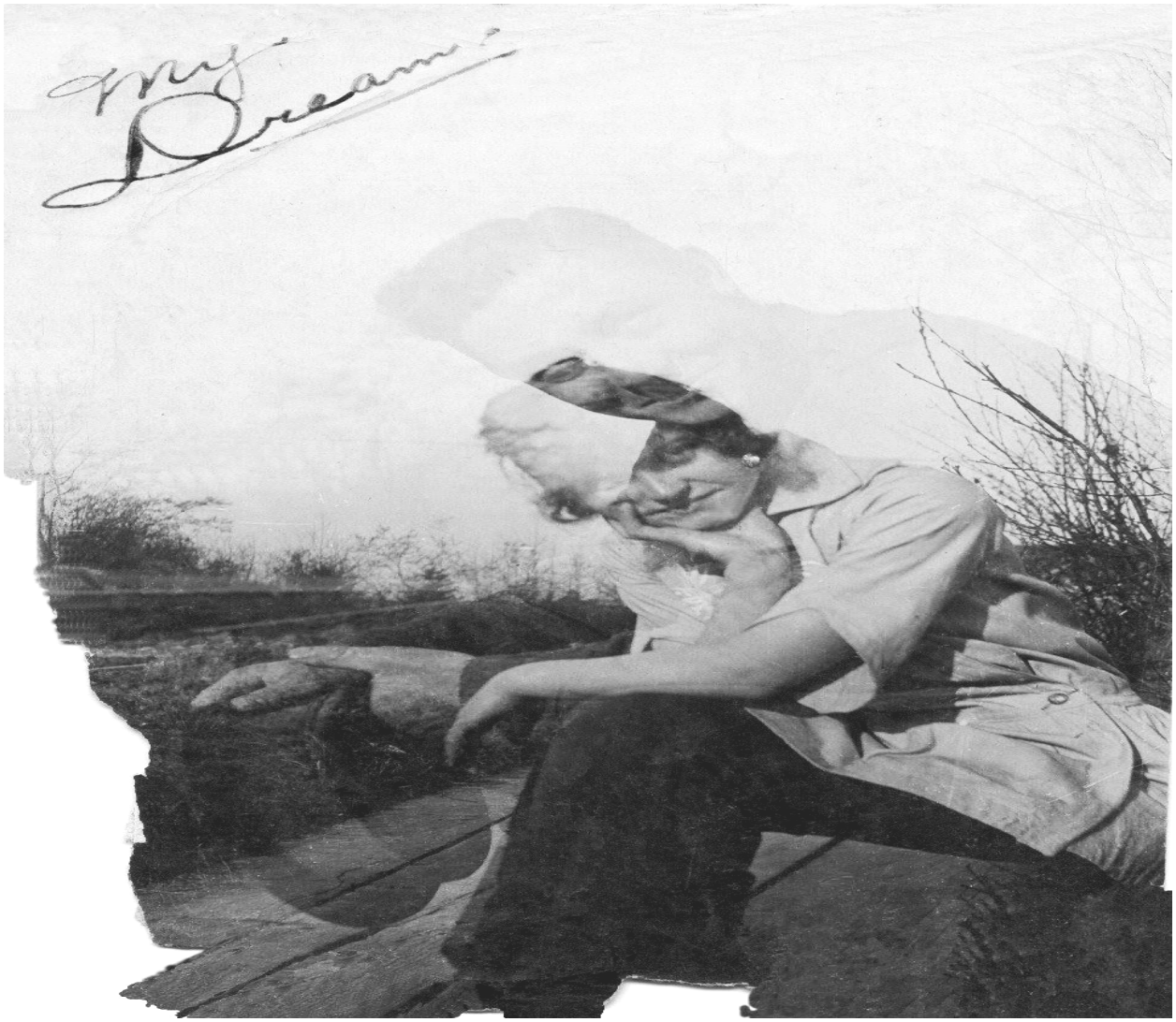
Finding that Cyril had done well at his apprenticeship, Albert bought 15 acres of virgin land in Penticton. Father and son were in partnership; the agreement was that Father would furnish the capital and son would supply the labour — but, as it turned out, the father worked right along. They had a team of horses and a riding plow to aid them.

It must have been hard for Nellie to leave England again, but she accepted the hardships of the pioneering life on the ranch with good grace. She really liked the place, and soon christened it *"La Petite Suisse"* (Little Switzerland). They truly were pioneers there, spending untold hours of hard manual labour. With no mechanized equipment, and mostly by hand and horse, they cleared the land of pine stumps and sagebrush, and planted young fruit trees, grape vines, and other crops.

While waiting for the fruit trees to mature, they raised chickens, small fruit, and vegetables. Working together, they canned many quarts of berries, tomatoes, and vegetables. Once the trees came into bearing, they processed the larger fruits as well, and kept a well-stocked cellar.

During the time they were in Penticton, Albert decided to break with the Baptist church. He disagreed with their *"closed Communion."* He joined the Presbyterians, and Nellie attended the new church with him. She was, however, a "dyed-in-the-wool" Baptist, and she retained her membership in that church. She took no active part in the Presbyterian church because they lived so far out from town. Once they moved into town, she soon joined the Missionary Society.

Uriel Beth Rogers, 17 years old.



CHAPTER XIII

The Children

Muriel, Irene, and Sylva went to high school in Penticton. One of Irene's best friends was Uriel Rogers (no blood relation to Nellie Rogers). Uriel was 16 when she and Cyril first met. Irene was most likely the one to introduce them, and the two soon became steady sweethearts.

In August 1914, the First World War broke out, and Cyril, now 21, enlisted at once. Nellie wrote in her Bible: *"Cyril left Penticton August 1914 to join D. Squadron, 30th Regiment, B.C. Horse."* He was to be away for five years, and during that time, Albert carried on nobly with the care of the young ranch. It was terribly hard work for him, at the age of 52, plowing up and down the steep slopes in the dust and broiling sun. He was not used to such strenuous exercise and would come home utterly exhausted. He loved the ranch and kept the crops growing and healthy the whole time Cyril was away.

Cyril was stationed in England during part of the war, where he received his wings. Because of the war ending at that point in time, he did not have to fly any missions, however. He was fortunate to have relatives in England and must have been grateful to have someone to visit while he was there.

Cyril and Uriel became engaged during the war. She, Irene, and Sylva took teachers' training and Muriel took nurse's training in Battle Creek, Michigan.

On March 17, 1919, Nellie recorded in her Bible: *"Cyril arrived home from the war."* It must have been such a joy to have him back, safe and unharmed. Nellie's prayers likely had a lot to do with his safe return. There was a write-up about Cyril's return in the local paper.

Plans were soon underway for Cyril and Uriel's wedding. Nellie's Bible has recorded the wedding day as May 15, 1919. The couple were popular members of the younger set, and there was a big write-up in the paper about their nuptials.

Albert bought a house in downtown Penticton, on Ellis Street, and the rest of the family moved there. Cyril took over the ranch completely. All things seemed to have prospered quite well, as on May 11, 1920, Cyril Junior was born.

Lieut. Cyril E. Huntley got a great welcome home last Monday night when he stepped off the Sicamous on his return from the battle fields of France. Penticton showed its appreciation of the services rendered by this soldier son by turning out en masse to receive him with wide open arms. This young man was one of the very first volunteers to sign for overseas duty at the outbreak of the war, enlisting on August 6, 1914. One year later he was in the trenches with the 2nd C.M.R. fighting the battles that blazoned the name "Canada" indelibly on the world's history.

Lieut. Huntley took part in all the famous battles in which the Canadidians were engaged, notably Ypres, Somme, Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele, and he brands the last mentioned engagement as the bloodiest of them all and that the climatic and terrain conditions were the worst conceivable. He was slightly wounded at the Somme. He was decorated with the Military Medal for conspicuous services in the Passchendaele scrap and besides wears the 1914-15 service ribbon. Asked as to the particular deed that won him the Military Medal the modest young fellow explained it in this way: "Oh, I didn't win the medal; they gave it to me," so what can a reporter do with a man like that?

After the Passchendaele affair, Lieut. Huntley joined the Royal Air Force and had just finished his training in this branch of the service when the Germans sued for an armistice, and his only regret is that he missed the chance of going over the enemy lines in one of the air expeditions. Like all the other men who return he added his word of praise and appreciation of what the Soldiers' Comforts Association had done for the boys at the front.

March 17, 1919

POPULAR WEDDING AT ST. ANDREWS CHURCH

Returned Citizen Takes Charming Bride to Matrimonial Altar

May 15 — 1919

Two of the most popular members of the younger set in Penticton were united in matrimony last Thursday evening in St. Andrews Presbyterian church when Miss Uriel B. Rogers became the wife of Lieut. Cyril Ernest Huntley, M. M. The church was comfortably filled with admiring friends who were present to wish the young couple happiness and prosperity in their new sphere in life.

The bride, who is a well known Penticton girl, was becomingly dressed in white satin trimmed with pearls, and looked charming in a hat of white silk gauze. She carried a bouquet of white carnations. Her bridesmaid, Miss Irene Huntley, sister of the bridegroom, wore a dress of pale pink crepe de chene draped with silk net of the same color, and a black hat trimmed with pink rosebuds. Her bouquet was pink carnations.

The bride entered on the arm of her father and met the bridegroom (who was in the uniform of the Royal Air Force) under a double arch of apple blossoms from the centre of which hung a large floral bell. Immediately after the benediction was pronounced the bridesmaid, by pulling a hidden ribbon, released a shower of apple blossoms which presented a pretty picture as they fell in myriads around the happy pair. The colors and insignia of the "R.A.F.," of which the bridegroom was a member, were conspicuous among the decorations.

During the signing of the register, Mrs. J. A. Brown sang "Because," a song most appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. Brown was in splendid voice and her effort was greatly appreciated by all. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's father. Following a very pleasant interval, during which Mrs. Brown was heard again in "I Love You Truly," a dainty wedding supper was served. At one side of the dining room was a china cabinet filled with presents received by the happy pair. Shortly after nine o'clock the bride and groom left for their new home amid showers of confetti and heaps of good wishes.

The groom's gift to the bride was a cabinet sewing machine, and to the bridesmaid a cameo ring. He presented a pearl tie pin to the best man.

Lieut. Huntley has recently returned from the war, having been one of the first Penticton boys to enlist at the outbreak of hostilities. He was attached to the 2nd C.M.R. before being transferred to the Royal Air Force. He is the first Penticton soldier to be married here since the signing of the armistice. Rev. Fergusson Millar officiated at the ceremony and Mr. Harlow Agnew supported the groom.

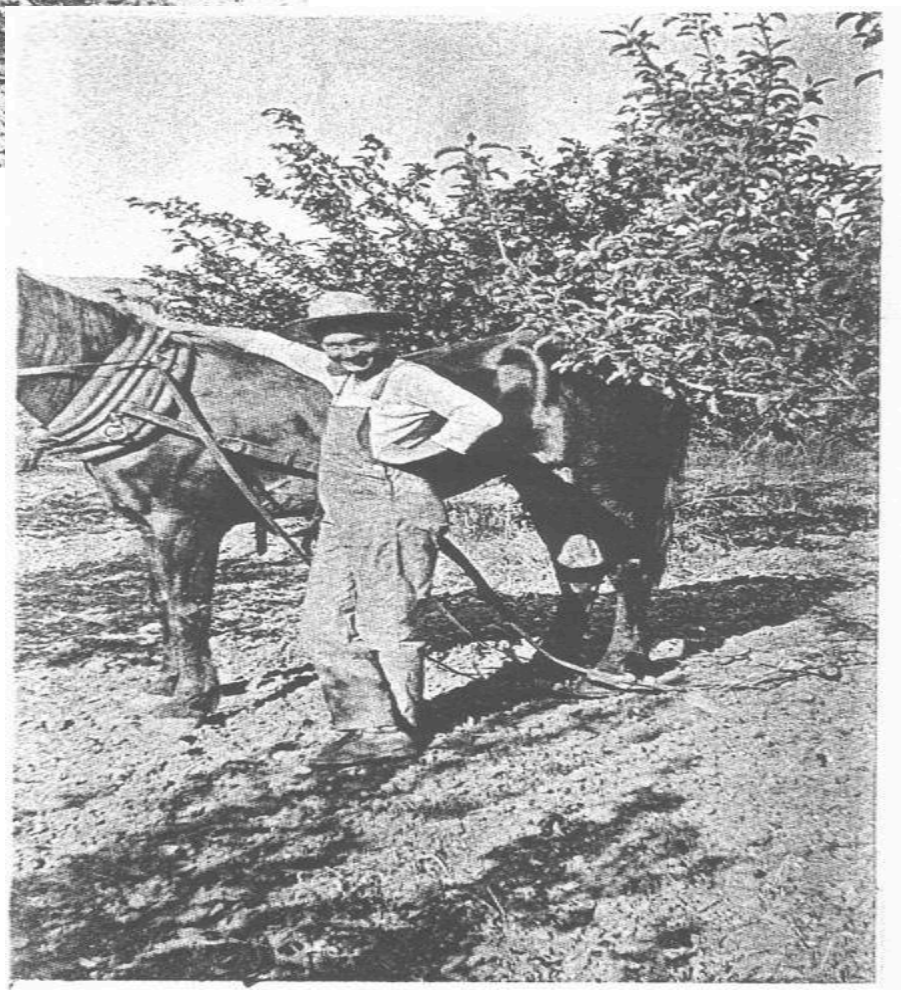
The invited guests were: Rev. and Mrs. Millar, Mr. and Mrs. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Layton, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Kinney, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brown, Mr. Fleet, Miss Agnew and two brothers, Mr. Wm. Impett, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Miss Mildred Cameron, and Mr. Sheldon E. Rogers, Vancouver.

Cyril E. Huntley, 1914.
Before he left Penticton for First World War.

Photographs of Bride and Groom

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Huntley.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Huntley.



On the ranch

CHAPTER XIV

Nellie's Health Deteriorates

Albert would often go out to lend a hand at the ranch when needed. He also served on the city council, where he made both friends and enemies. He had a fearless spirit and would always stand up for what he believed to be right, regardless of whether it was popular or not. He read a great deal, was very observant, and had an excellent memory.

In 1916, Sylva accompanied Nellie to the Battle Creek Sanitarium, where Muriel was in Nurse's Training, hoping that the doctors there might be able to arrest her anemia. But it was diagnosed as "Pernicious," caused by the malaria she had contracted in China, and was incurable.

Nellie's health deteriorated, and Muriel went home to nurse her. Nellie died in August 1920 in Penticton. The funeral service was conducted by three ministers — the Baptist, the Presbyterian, and the Episcopalian — with a full congregation in attendance. She was loved and respected by the whole community. She was interred in the Penticton cemetery.

Cyril Jr. was the only grandchild that had been born before Nellie's death. The many more grandchildren that were born after her death wish that they had known her. Through her writings, though, they feel they do know her a little.

Farm house in Oliver.

In 1922, Cyril Sr. bought a ranch in Oliver, B.C. He and Uriel had two girls and three more boys, for a total of six children. The second pregnancy produced twins: Dorothy May and Donald Albert, on May 17, 1923. Then came Doreen Beryl on December 13, 1924, Rex Weston on February 20th, 1927, and Verne Sidney on October 18, 1928.

Muriel married an American, Zack Magness, and lived in Los Angeles, California. They had Margaret Ellen on April 7, 1922, and John Huntley on January 25, 1924.

Irene, called Rene, also married an American, Verne Samuelson, and lived in Port Angeles, Washington. They had two daughters: Alice Rene, now known as Sami, on July 28, 1925, and Marilyn Joy on July 4, 1928.

Sylva married a Canadian school teacher, Charlie Haverstock, and lived in Vancouver, B.C. They had two girls as well: June Sylva on June 6, 1924, and Betty Marilyn on October 11, 1926.

The family tree has continued to expand, with branches of the family spreading all over western Canada and the United States, as of 1996.

Cyril Jr. 10½, Dorothy 7½, Donald 7 ½, Doreen 6, Rex 4, Verne 2.

CHAPTER XV

Epilogue

After Nellie passed away, Albert stayed home for a while, and Muriel kept house for him. Rene and two of her teacher-friends lived with them. At the end of the second year, Albert decided to return to England. While there, he met a lovely lady named Fannie Knell.

Fannie was the widow of a banker and the sister of a minister. She had been raised in a wealthy home in Devonshire, England. She had taken music lessons from the time she was six years old and developed her strong natural talent. She and her first husband had only one child, a daughter, Christine. It was a horrendous blow to the family when, at 16, Christine succumbed to the flu during the deadly epidemic of 1918.

Fannie was a good friend of another of Albert's brothers, Herbert, and his wife, Selena. Fannie and Albert fell in love, were married in September 1921, and came to live in Vancouver, in a nice large house that he had bought.

Fannie was passionately fond of her country, and she and Albert had agreed that they would return to live in England after a period of five years if she found she missed her homeland too much. As it turned out, she loved Vancouver and found she was quite satisfied with occasional visits to England. She and Albert were mutually congenial. He admired her sprightly ways and enjoyed her music greatly. She delighted in being the wife of a "Rev.," as she was fond of

saying. When needed, she filled in for the organist at their church and loved to play *loud!* She played for some of the weddings at the church as well. She enjoyed good health, much aided by her hobbies of walking and gardening.

Albert founded a small Baptist church in the outlying district of Capilano and preached there for several years, with Fannie filling the role of church organist. When he was no longer able to carry on there, as the years passed, he and “Mater” maintained a membership and were quite active in the West Point Grey United Church, which was nearer to home.

His children visited them frequently — visits he enjoyed very much. He had quite a talent for cooking and enjoyed shopping for bargains. He also loved his home and beautiful garden. In his last years, his health failing his chief pleasure was watching television. He passed on of pneumonia in 1945. The bell in their church was sadly tolled to mark his passing.

Fanny Huntley

“Mater,” as Albert and the family nicknamed Fannie, died of natural causes at the age of 90. She is fondly remembered as a good step-grandmother. She had played the organ at family weddings and at the christenings of two great-granddaughters. Her life was celebrated by an article in the *Vancouver Sun* by Jean Harworth:

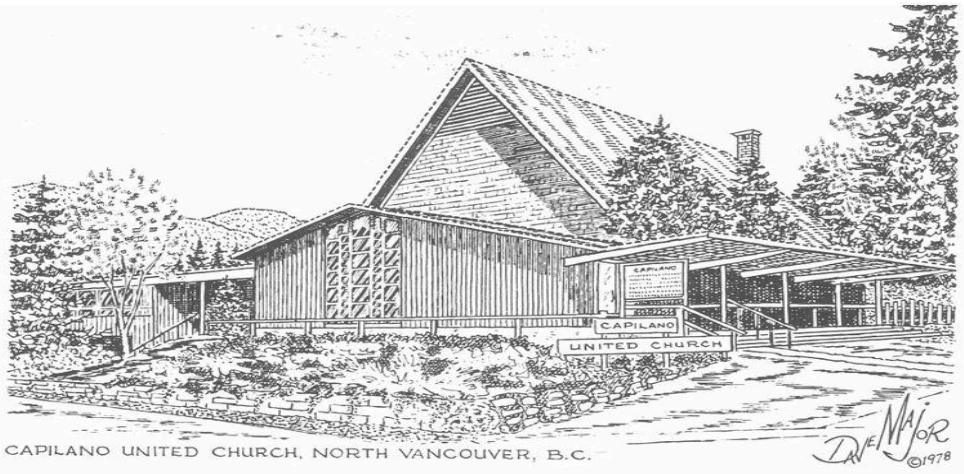
> *“Mrs. Fanny Huntley used to read all of my columns. When she approved of them, she told my mother so on Sundays after church. When she didn’t approve, she wrote my editor and told him so. She wrote quite a lot of letters to the editor.
>
> Today, Mrs. Huntley was buried at West Point Grey United Church. She was in her ninetieth year when she died on Saturday.
>
> Yesterday I had a talk with three of her friends — she had a great many friends. Her friends wanted me to write a solemn, sedate column honouring Mrs. Huntley for the qualities which made her a fine, respected old lady.
>
> But now that I am sitting in front of the typewriter, I find that it won’t work. Mrs. Huntley *was* a fine old lady — a lively, friendly, hard-working, kindly old lady — but I am writing a column about her because she was also a *gay* old lady.
>
> When I went to church, I used to sit in the back pew and pick out the brightest hat in the front pews. Under that hat would be Mrs. Huntley. Mrs. Huntley didn’t believe in the gloomy clothes of old age. She didn’t believe in the gloomy spirits of old age, either. When she worked, she used to hum; when she walked, she often skipped.
>
> Last Wednesday night she rapped on the bedroom door of the friend who lived with her. When she opened the door, there was Mrs. Huntley in a false Halloween nose.
>
> “Boo!” said Mrs. Huntley.
>
> She was always very firm about her philosophy: Live as good and kind a life as you can manage, but never forget to laugh. Her life could have made her gloomy if she had let it. When she was a young woman, her husband, her mother, and her only daughter all died within two years. She could have sunk in despair, but instead she adopted a nine-year-old Hindu girl, named her for the dead child, and looked after her till she was grown. That girl is married now, and the mother of two children. Her will takes care to finish the job.
>
> She was a very accomplished musician. When she was ten, she played her first church organ; she played them for 80 years. Every summer she filled in for the organist at our church. She liked her music cheerful and robust; there were no dragging hymns when Mrs. Huntley was at the keys. Not even this summer just past, when she was 89. And for a couple of hours every Remembrance Day, the church chimes used to ring out stirring military marches over West Point Grey. You may have heard them. That was Mrs. Huntley, alone in the church, remembering all the boys she had known who had not come back.

She never for a moment, at any time, considered that she was growing old. She was always doing something. One of her favourite amusements was to climb on a bus and see how far she could travel on a single transfer. She believed, quite proudly, that she got a longer ride out of the B.C. Electric on one ticket than anyone in the city.

Mrs. Huntley was a good friend and a jolly friend, and a generous friend. She always bought inexpensive clothes for herself and did all her own work and was very saving; but she had several friends who were very hard up, and she bought them quite expensive clothes.

When she was dying, she had a friend raise her in bed and guide her hand, while she wrote out two cheques for friends who needed them.

Although Nellie and Fannie were very different women, Fannie was a great successor for Nellie. Both women were well known for their devotion to family, church, and friends. Both had managed to catch Albert's eye, and done the jobs of wife, mother, neighbour, friend, and "Rev's" assistant with great success.



CAPILANO UNITED CHURCH, NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C.

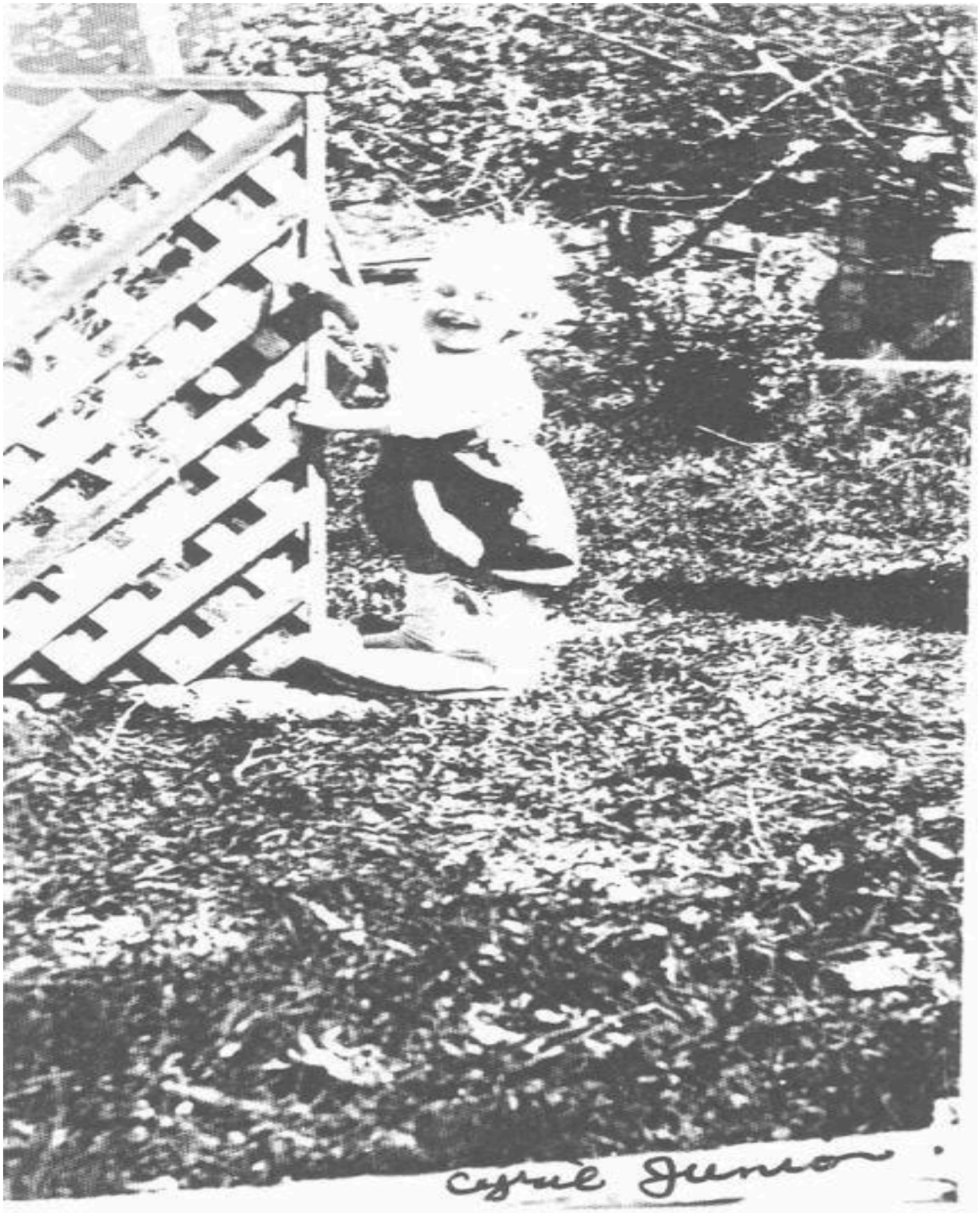
CAPILANO UNITED CHURCH

Capilano United Church began in 1914 as a Presbyterian student preaching mission in the little community at the end of the car line east of Capilano River. In 1925 the present sanctuary was built on a lot donated by the B.C. Electric Railway. The C.E. Center was built in 1961. The Rev. Albert Huntley was the first minister. Capilano is a friendly community church with the Center serving community needs.

Main church built for $400.00 due mainly to Albert Huntley's ability to scrounge lumber and other materials and helpers.

Cyril by Nellie's grave — 1920.
Penticton BC.

View from Nellie's grave, taken in 1994.



Cyril Jr. born May 11th, 1920.
First grandson to Nellie

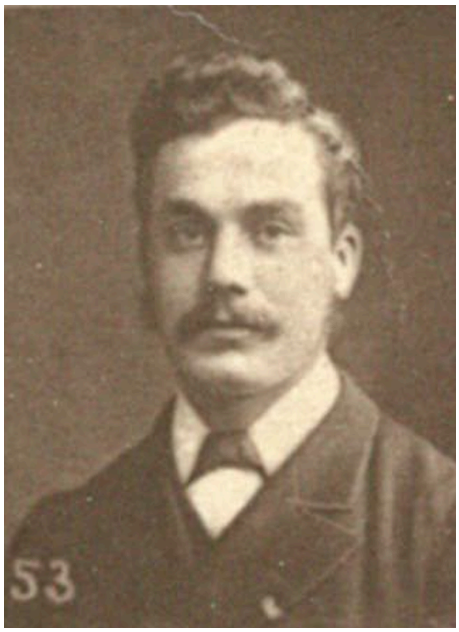
Historical Notes & Further Reading

The following pages offer a deeper look into the world Nellie traveled through—a collection of historical notes, references, and reflections intended to give context and clarity to her journey. While the diary speaks in her voice, this section brings in the voices of others: historians, records, letters, and glimpses of the places and people she encountered. For those who wish to walk a little farther down her path, these materials are offered as companions to her story.

The China Inland Mission (CIM) was founded in 1865 by James Hudson Taylor, a British Protestant missionary with a radical vision for evangelizing the vast, unreached interior of China. Unlike other missionary societies of the time, which operated primarily in coastal treaty ports, Taylor believed the Gospel should be brought to all provinces of China, regardless of foreign influence or access. Driven by this conviction, he established the CIM in the East End of London with a clear commitment to live by faith—refusing guaranteed salaries, embracing Chinese dress and customs, and recruiting missionaries from a wide range of denominational backgrounds. This nonsectarian and intensely spiritual approach was revolutionary for its time, rooted in deep prayer, sacrifice, and dependence on God rather than institutional funding.

By 1887, just over two decades after its founding, the China Inland Mission had expanded rapidly and become one of the largest missionary organizations operating in China. It had established a presence in all eleven inland provinces as well as in Mongolia, sending out over 100 missionaries by the mid-1880s. This period was marked by hardship, illness, persecution, and even martyrdom, but also by extraordinary dedication and community-building. The missionaries, including many women, learned local dialects, opened schools, established medical clinics, and lived among the people they served. In 1887, the famous "Hundred missionaries" pledge was launched—an ambitious call to recruit and send 100 new missionaries within a single year, a goal that was met and became a symbol of the CIM's momentum and faith-driven mission.

In 1875, to keep supporters informed and engaged, the China Inland Mission began publishing China's Millions, a periodical that would become an essential lifeline between the mission field and its backers at home. Originally printed in England and later in the United States, the publication offered vivid firsthand accounts, prayer requests, missionary letters, and detailed updates on the CIM's expanding work across China. It gave readers a sense of personal connection to the people and places being reached—often through stories of conversion, cultural challenges, or even loss. More than just a report, it also helped to humanize the missionaries, portraying their struggles and triumphs in deeply personal terms, and served as a record of one of the most ambitious and faith-driven missionary efforts of the 19th century. The first entry I will make is from the 1888 issue of China's Millions. Right at the beginning of that issue a full page picture shows the "Hundred missionaries" that was mentioned above. Nellie was #91 in the picture and Albert is #53. They, of course, had not met yet.



LONDON STEREOSCOPIC Co

PERMANENT PHOTO. PROCESS

PORTRAITS OF A HUNDRED MISSIONARIES,

Who left for China during the year 1887, in connection with the China Inland Mission.

CHIEFLY FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. TURNER, BARNSBURY.

For Names see printed list Page V.

	Left by P. and O. Steamer *Kaisar-i-Hind*, on Thursday, October 6th.
	* Mr. A. C. Dorward.
	,, Stooke.
	Mrs. Stooke and two boys.
	Mr. A. Ewing.
	,, D. Lawson.
	,, A. H. Huntley.
	Mr. H. N. Macgregor.
	To join the party at Suez.

,, Harriet Cutt	...	,,	
,, Emma Fryer	...	,,	
H. N. Macgregor	...	Nov. 21st	
J. A. Stooke	...	...	,,
Mrs. Stooke	...	...	,,
A. Ewing	...	...	,,
D. Lawson	...	...	,,
A. H. Huntley	...	...	,,
Miss Florence Ellis	...	Dec. 5th	
,, Clara Ellis	...	...	,,
,, Williamson	...	...	,,
,, M. Palmer	...	...	,,
,, E. Hainge	...	...	,,
M. Mitchell			

W. M. Belcher	...	...	,,
F. E. Lund	...	...	,,
A. H. Bridge	...	...	,,
E. Murray	...	...	,,
Geo. A. Cox, L.R.C.P. and S.			Jan 30th
Miss Campbell	...	...	,,
,, E. Hanbury	...	...	,,
J. T. Reid	...	...	,,
Mrs. Reid	...	...	,,
Miss Anna Crewdson	...		,,
,, Robina Crewdson	...		,,
,, N. R. Rogers	...		,,
,, T. E. Dawson	...		,,
J. Sutherland			

Cartes of most of the Missionaries, by Mr. T. C. Turner, Barnsbury, post free, 7d. each; Cabinet Groups, as under, post free, 1s. 1d. each.

1. Mrs. Cheney, Miss Whitchurch; Messrs. Hughesdon and Windsor.
2. Messrs. Finlayson, Hogg, McMullan, and Slimmon.
3. Dr. and Mrs. Parry, Mrs. D. Kay, Misses E. A. Barclay, Broomhall, Byron, and A. R. Taylor, and Mr. A. Hudson Broomhall.
4. Messrs. Horobin, Hutton, D. Kay, Laughton, McKee, Miller, Phelps, and Reid.
5. Mrs. H. H. Taylor, Mrs. C. P. Turner, Mrs. A. P. Turner, Misses Gibson, Macintosh, McFarlane, C. K. and M. Murray, and Lily Webb.
6. Messrs. Foucar, James, Jenkins, and John Smith.
7. Messrs. Beauchamp, Cassels, Hoste, Cecil and Arthur Polhill-Turner, Stanley P. Smith, and C. T. Studd.

7*a*. The same party in their Chinese dress.

8 Messrs. Stanley P. Smith and C. T. Studd only (taken by Stuart, Glasgow).

9. Messrs. Beynon, Botham, Terry, and Walker.
10. Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Laughton, Misses Stevens and J. Webb.
11. Messrs. Douglas, Grierson, Harrison, Heal, Hope-Gill, Robertson, and J. W. Stevenson; also Messrs Vanstone and Thorne, of the Bible Christian Mission.
12. Misses Clark, Hibberd, Jakobsen, S. E. Jones, Robertson, and Mrs. Stanley P. Smith.
13. Messrs. G. Graham Brown, A. Orr Ewing, Jr., Sayers, Wright, and Dr. Stewart.
14. Misses Britton, Gates, Johnson, McQuillan, McWatters, Miller, G. Muir, Thomson, and Mrs. C. T. Studd.
15. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Armstrong, Misses Culverwell, L. K. Ellis, Forth, Judd, and Miles.
16. Messrs. Adam, Coulthard, Curnow, Drysdale, Faërs, Gracie, Hoddle, Lewis, and Mills.
17. Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson, Misses Bastone, Cutt, Ferriman, Fryer, Holme, Hook, and Waldie.
18. Mr. and Mrs. Stooke and two boys; Messrs. Dorward, A. Ewing, A. H. Huntley, and Lawson.
19. Misses Boyd, F. and C. Ellis, Hainge, Marchbank, Mitchell, Ord, Palmer, Ramsay, and Williamson.
20. Messrs. Bland, l'Anson, Lutley, Redfern, Ririe, Saunders, Vale, Curtis-Waters, and Wellwood.
21. Misses Arthur, Barrett, M. Graham Brown, Chilton, Kentfield, and F. M. Williams.
22. Messrs. Belcher, Bridge, Lund, E. Murray, W. G. Peat, and Dr. Cox.
23. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Reid, Misses A. and R. Crewdson, Dawson, Rogers, and Sutherland.
24. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Baker, Messrs. Begg, Eyres, and Shearer.
25. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, Mrs. H. H. Schofield, Misses Malin, Sanderson, and Smalley.
26. Misses Bangert, Bradfield, Edith Broomhall, Harding, Spark, M. Stewart, Underwood, Voak, and C. L. Williams.
27. Mr. and Mrs. W. Cooper, Mrs. Eason, Messrs. E. J. Cooper, Hayward, Ed. Hunt, Lachlan, Lambert, Macoun, and Selkirk.
28. "*Y. M. C. A. Group*"—Messrs. E. J. Cooper, Hayward, Ed. Hunt, Lachlan, Lambert, Macoun, and Selkirk
29. Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Williams, Misses P. A. and F. Barclay, S. M. Black, Buchan, F. H. Culverwell, Guex, Martin, Oakeshott, and Stedman.

On Dec. 15*th*, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. REID, and three children, with Misses ANNA CREWDSON, ROBINA CREWDSON, N. R. ROGERS, E. DAWSON, and J. SUTHERLAND, leave for China per P. and O. steamer *Rohilla*, to be joined at Colombo (D.V.) by Miss THOMAS.

Report for the Year 1887.

NEVER was a note of praise more called for than at the present time in reviewing the progress of the work in China during the year 1887. Much was expected from GOD, and we have indeed experienced the truth of the promise: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."

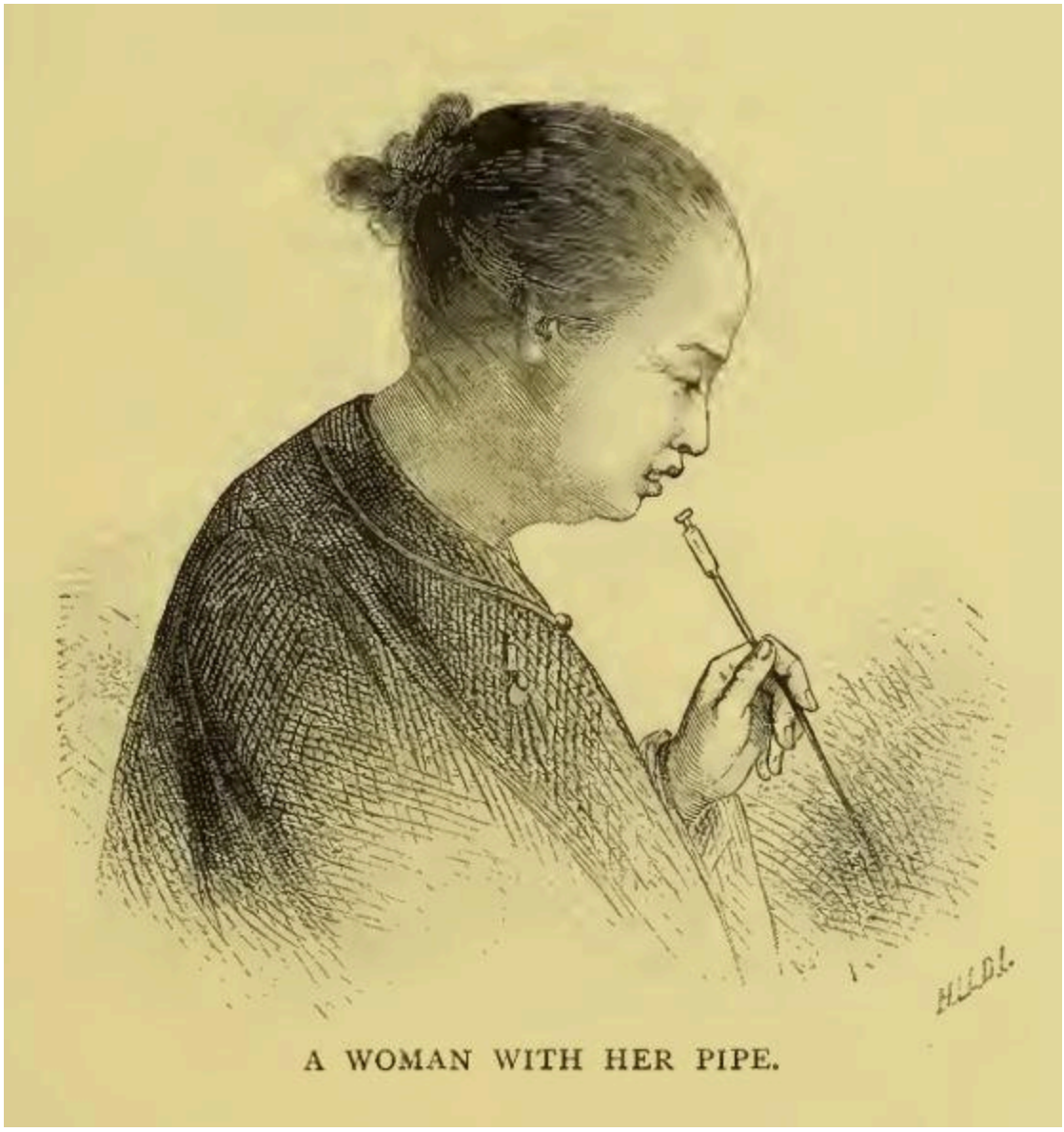
The most striking feature of the year has been the arrival of successive parties of "the Hundred," each giving glad testimony of souls won for CHRIST, backsliders restored, or believers quickened on the voyage. Not infrequently men who have been convicted by the way have found CHRIST in Shanghai. The following list gives the dates of arrival in China of the various parties:—

	Arrived.
W. S. JOHNSTON ...	... Feb. 13th
FRANK MCCARTHY ...	... „
JOHN BROCK ...	... Mar. 14th
WM. RUSSELL ...	... „
JOHN DARROCH ...	... „
ERIK FOLKE ...	... „
F. Dymond ...	... „
S. Pollard ...	... „
Miss G. MUIR ...	... April 26th
„ STEWART ...	... „
„ THOMSON ...	... „
„ MCWATTERS...	... „
„ BURROUGHES ...	„
„ BRITTON ...	... „
„ JOHNSON ...	... „
„ MCQUILLAN ...	... „
„ GATES... ...	... „
„ MILLER ...	... „
„ MACKEE ...	... „
„ PARKER ...	... May 5th
„ WEBBER ...	... „
„ *Groves*... ...	... „
„ KNIGHT ...	... May 21st
„ L. K. ELLIS ...	... „
ALEX. ARMSTRONG, F.E.I.S.	„
Mrs. ARMSTRONG ...	... „
Miss SCOTT	... „
„ MILES	... „
„ JUDD	... „
„ CULVERWELL ...	„
„ FORTH ...	... „
„ *Stewartson* ...	... „
W. J. LEWIS... ...	... Oct. 8th
A. HODDLE... ...	... „

	Arrived.
J. O. CURNOW ...	... Oct. 8th
A. H. FAERS ...	... „
I. F. DRYSDALE ...	... „
D. J. MILLS	... „
JAS. ADAM	... „
ARCH. GRACIE ...	... „
ED. TOMKINSON ...	... Oct. 24th
Mrs. TOMKINSON ...	... „
Miss E. MAUD HOLME ...	„
„ H. R. WALDIE ...	„
„ A. K. FERRIMAN ...	„
„ S. E. BASTONE ...	„
„ A. K. HOOK	„
„ HARRIET CUTT ...	„
„ EMMA FRYER ...	„
H. N. MACGREGOR...	... Nov. 21st
J. A. STOOKE ...	... „
Mrs. STOOKE ...	... „
A. EWING	... „
D. LAWSON	... „
A. H. HUNTLEY ...	... „
Miss FLORENCE ELLIS	... Dec. 5th
„ CLARA ELLIS...	... „
„ WILLIAMSON...	... „
„ M. PALMER ...	... „
„ E. HAINGE ...	... „
„ M. MITCHELL ...	„
„ E. MARCHBANK ...	„
„ I. W. RAMSAY ...	„
„ GERTRUDE ORD ...	„
B. RIRIE	... Dec 20th
F. A. REDFERN ...	... „
R. WELLWOOD ...	... „
A. R. SAUNDERS ...	... „

	Arrived.
A. BLAND	... Dec. 20th
A. LUTLEY	... „
JOS. VALE	... „
C. S. I'ANSON ...	... „
B. CURTIS WATERS ...	„
Miss MAY GRAHAM BROWN	Jan. 1st
„ F. M. WILLIAMS ...	„
„ J. ARTHUR ...	... „
„ M. J. ELAND...	... „
„ E. KENTFIELD ...	„
„ L. CHILTON ...	... „
„ A. BARRETT ...	... „
W. G. PEAT... ...	... Jan. 15th
W. M. BELCHER ...	... „
F. E. LUND	... „
A. H. BRIDGE ...	... „
E. MURRAY	... „
GEO. A. COX, L.R.C.P. and S.	Jan 30th
Miss CAMPBELL ...	... „
„ E. HANBURY...	... „
J. T. REID	... „
Mrs. REID	... „
Miss ANNA CREWDSON ...	„
„ ROBINA CREWDSON...	„
„ N. R. ROGERS ...	„
„ T. E. DAWSON ...	„
„ J. SUTHERLAND ...	„
„ BAKER	„
JAS. SIMPSON ...	... Feb. 13th
Mrs. SIMPSON ...	... „
W. E. SHEARER ...	... „
T. D. BEGG	... „
THOS. EVRES ...	... „
O. S. Næstigaard ...	... „

Great has been the joy with which each party has been welcomed in China, and again and again it has been remarked that "GOD's choice were choice ones indeed." As a rule, the brethren have proceeded to the training institute in Gan-k'ing, and the sisters to that in Yang-chau. Never have new missionaries had such advantages before. The progress made in study has been rapid and thorough, while spiritual life and joy have been deepened. The list of missionaries, arranged according to stations, will show that a large number of them had been dispersed when the tables were prepared.



A WOMAN WITH HER PIPE.

There are many entries showing both Nellie and Albert's departure and arrival dates and steamer names. They really did record everything in those books. I found many entries that were written by Nellie and many written by Albert also. Several of them describe times and events that Nellie had written about in her diary…so it was fun finding those ones. As an example this one describes the passing of Miss Dawson.

In Memoriam—Miss Theresa E. Dawson.

"THE LORD is at hand." In different ways has this blessed truth been impressed upon our hearts of late. Very manifestly has He been "at hand" rejoicing some of His servants in China, by leading them to see His fulness, and with deep heart-searching to seek His power, and then giving them to witness idols abolished, and to find ears opened and hearts touched, that but recently were strangers to His very name. And not less manifestly has He been "at hand" calling aside from active work, and laying low by sickness one after another. How we rejoice to know that six of our number in SHAN-SI who had typhus fever were recovering, though, as was mentioned last month, one was taken—our dear brother, Mr. Terry. And now the sisters in the training home at Yang-chau, a number of whom were on the point of being widely scattered, have also realised that "the LORD was at hand," and have heard the call to "work while it is day," for "the time is short." *Very* short has the time of service in China been for dear Miss Dawson, for it was but on Dec. 15th in the last party but one of "the hundred" that she left England. A cold taken soon after landing led to inflammation of the lungs with typhoid symptoms, and on Sunday morning, March 18th, she passed away triumphant to the presence of the KING. A few extracts from notes taken at the time will serve to show that her going to China was not in vain.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES TAKEN BY MISS HANBURY.

ON *Friday evening, March 16th*, we thought the end was very near. Her mind became quite clear, and none who were in the room will ever forget the joy that lit up her face at every mention of the name of JESUS. Her mind was full of the things of GOD. We all felt that heaven was very near.

We sang, "Safe in the arms of JESUS." At the end she said, "JESUS—it is just grand rest."

Mr. McCarthy came to her side. She recognised him at once, and with a bright smile said, "Mr. McCarthy! I've been longing to see him."

Mr. McCarthy answered, "JESUS is longing to see you. 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory.' His prayer is soon going to be answered for you."

She seemed very weak; there was more quiet singing and prayer, when suddenly she brightened up and spoke about the voyage and the men who were converted, ending up with, "So we do praise GOD for these manifestations of His love, and all that can be done by Him and through Him."

Miss Guinness came in to see her. "I'm so glad you came. May you have so much of blessing in the work, so much of blessing in Himself. . . . . There is nothing between me and my GOD. . . . . Nothing too hard for the LORD. . . . . I shall think of you so often, and when we meet again we shall know all is right—things that we could not understand.

"We cast ourselves as a sacrifice—we've done it many times. It has been loving-kindness and gentleness the whole way."

One of the Chinese women came in. She pointed upwards with such a bright face, and waved her handkerchief. Miss Murray said, "You would like GOD to bless Ma-ma."

"Yes," she said, "Yie-su ai o" (the Chinese for "JESUS loves me").

To Miss Ord: "I hope GOD will bless you and make you a blessing. I believe He will. He has not brought you here for nothing."

Miss Hanbury said, "JESUS is with you."

"Yes, I am *sure* of that."

"His blood is enough for you."

"More than enough. . . . . Be sure you stand up more than ever for JESUS, JESUS only."

Miss Ferriman: "JESUS has gone to prepare a place for you."

"Yes."

"You are not afraid to go anywhere with Him?"

"*I should think not!*"

To Miss F. M. Williams: "Remember we are one, He loves us both. . . . . Wherever we go, JESUS is all round, everywhere JESUS. My eyes shall see the KING in His beauty."

To Miss Hainge: "You came before me. We don't know yet what may happen. But let us follow JESUS wherever He may lead. Let us do each day's work as it comes, and 'rejoice in the LORD alway.' I think this is such a grand simple precept."

Miss Rogers quoted "A living, bright reality." Again the glory shone in her face. Some one said, "JESUS CHRIST, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." "Yes, I know."

"JESUS, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art" was sung. Her pleasure and joy were very marked.

Mr. McCarthy asked, "Are you finding out the greatness of His loving heart?"

"JESUS is in my heart."

"He has given us eternal life that we may have eternity to find out His love."

"Yes," she said, "right on to eternity, in such light and clearness as we never had here."

"What hymn would you like?" she was asked.

"Sing 'Shall we all meet at home in the morning?'"

She then asked for "For ever with the LORD," and began it herself.

"JESUS is with you all the way, and makes it so bright."

"Yes, all the way, it's so wonderful!"

Mr. McCarthy said, "Behold GOD is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid."

Her face lit up as she answered, "It's all right."

"With JESUS, which is far better." After a pause—"*Yes*, the mighty and strong ONE."

"You will have a long eternity to praise Him in."

"Yes . . . a long eternity . . . I will enter Thy courts with praise."

She folded her hands and prayed, "Our loving FATHER, we do praise Thee. Thou hast brought us thus far on our journey. We thank and praise Thee. Thou hast been round about us. Thou hast filled our hearts full of joy, full of praise to Thy glory, in Thy Name. Amen."

She looked at Miss Rogers who was fanning her. "Who are you?"

"I'm Nellie, don't you know me?"

"No, I don't, I'm forgetting."

Mr. McCarthy said, "But you don't forget the LORD JESUS, do you?"

"No, I don't," and again her bright face beamed.

She passed a very quiet night, and slept much, the breathing, though hard, being regular. She woke up on Saturday morning smiling.

"What have you been seeing, darling?"

"'She fell down at JESUS' feet, and worshipped Him,'" she answered, and gazing upward, said, "My LORD and my GOD." She then looked at the one at her side, and added, "The half has not been told."

She was very weak, but so bright all day, and able to recognise one and another. Her mind was full of the grace and love of God.

Miss Crewdson, who had nursed her devotedly all through, said, "You are not sorry you came to China?"

She said, with emphasis, "That's the question; ask yourself! No, dearie, I am very glad."

Earlier during her illness, Miss Murray asked, "Are you sorry you came here?"

"Oh no, I'm so glad. He has taught me so many, many precious lessons since I came here. GOD bless you more and more, and make you a blessing. I know He will. I feel His love so full."

She spoke of the Chinese and the chapel and teachers, and tried to say something, but could not; then she prayed for them, but it was too indistinct for us to catch. The native Christian women who saw her were deeply impressed with her joy, and a Chinese woman who had lately been saved from opium-poisoning, said, on going down stairs, "She is so full of joy; when we are so near death, we are afraid." "Yes," said the Christian, "doesn't it show the difference?" A Christian lad said, "In China we cry when our friends are dying, but you sing."

It was true, for there seemed no place for sorrow and crying, heaven was so near and her joy so great. We sang much all through the day. She often joined without pronouncing the words. She never wearied of it, and it seemed to soothe her, and kept her mind stayed on the LORD.

At 1 p.m. some one quoted "The blood of JESUS CHRIST cleanseth us from all sin.' "Yes, yes, that's it."

At every mention of the name of JESUS her face lit up radiantly.

Once, on waking, she looked straight up, and said, "Horses and chariots of fire." There came once a moment of fear. "Fear not, I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine," was quoted. Immediately such a smile of peace spread over her face. "Yes."

"JESUS says this to you." "Yes—my JESUS."

She joined in the chorus, "JESUS is strong to deliver, mighty to save," singing it three times over quite distinctly. About 7 p.m. she joined quite audibly in singing "My JESUS, I love Thee," and then added, "JESUS, Thou *art* precious to me, Thou lovest me from the foundation of the world. His heart yearns over every one of you. A Man, a faithful Man, and yet a Man of sorrows. The blood, the blood alone atones for sin; the sacrifice, nothing but the blood of JESUS. GOD says to us, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you."

Then with such joy she added: "'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.' He will never, never forsake me; that is my highest hope, more to me than trust. I am with thee—yesterday, to-day, and for ever. I will never leave thee for His Name's sake and for my sake."

After a pause of some minutes—"Hallelujah!" Another pause,—"Nailed JESUS on the cross—'FATHER forgive them, they know not what they do.' Beautiful! All forgiven. He will forgive if they will ask. GOD raised Him from the dead. JESUS *will* save. 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall never pass away.'"

She became quite quiet towards the end. The LORD graciously answered our prayers and took her to Himself without any pain or struggle. Her last faint words were "Never; no, never," and then "JESUS." Two or three breaths more, and she had gone in to see Him whom she loved so well. She entered into rest on Sunday at a quarter to one a.m., March 18th.

Those of us who have had the privilege of being with her and witnessing her triumphant end, feel we have learned lessons we trust never to forget, and desire for ourselves and all who may read these lines so to live and so to work that when the MASTER comes we too may be found of Him in peace. It was very helpful to see that she had no regretful thought about coming to China, and with her we say, "It is all right." She has fulfilled the purpose for which GOD brought her here, and she has honoured Him by obeying His call. The need in this land is vast—are there not others who will come and take her place?

Letter from Miss Rogers.

PEH-SHIH-KIAI, *May 21st.*—Probably you will have heard that I have been sent to the post dear Miss Dawson was expecting to occupy. I feel it a very solemn position, and am asking that I may be baptised for the dead. Only a clear sense of the Divine leading would have made me willing to come, but this has been granted, and, since it is the LORD'S place for me *to-day*, I can but rejoice; in fact, His goodness and love have been and are so unspeakable that writing utterly fails in expressing my experience. I think you will hear details of our journey, so I will not give you a repetition, suffice it to say that from beginning to end it was just love heaped upon love. I question if a happier little party ever went up the Kuang-sin river.

Dear Miss Mackintosh was more than a sister, and helped us a great deal in every way. We also greatly enjoyed our visits at Nan-k'ang Fu, Kwei-k'i, and Ho-k'eo, and very specially the time at Yüh-shan. I for one shall always have cause for deep gratitude to our loving FATHER for His arrangements and care on this journey.

Miss Littler met me at Yüh-shan on the 18th. The ride here by chair was very pleasant, and, better than all, we had some attentive listeners to the old, old story by the way. And now I have been here a week, and am beginning to feel quite settled. It is a most lovely place; truly "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places." It is *so* good of the LORD to bring me to such a beautiful, healthy spot for study.

I think you will be interested in the events of to-day, which has been a happy one indeed.

On Wednesday Miss Littler and I visited some houses on the hills, and promised to return to-day to some others, where we had not time to stay then. Being rather hot for study in our sitting-room, we thought it would be a very pleasant change to start early and spend the whole day on the hills, and accordingly, directly after prayers, we started with our Bible-woman. The morning was perfect, with a beautiful cool breeze to moderate the heat, and the country is exquisite just now—such masses of wild roses and ferns as I have not seen in England.

But we had only gone a very little way before being reminded of the awfully dark side of this beautiful country. The sounds of a mournful, wailing cry attracted us to a spot where we found a woman sitting on the ground, a perfect picture of hopeless, helpless misery! Miss Littler spoke to her, and found out the cause of grief. The poor creature's husband and son were dead, and she had no one to attend to her fields. She was sitting amongst them—four small rice-fields, quite dry and bare, whilst the others all round were beautifully flooded and green; and, in addition to this trouble, she was evidently quite ill and very cold, although sitting in the broiling sun. Miss Littler tried to point her to JESUS, but the loud crying continued, and our woman said she would not hear now, so we very reluctantly left, feeling all we could do was to take her case to Him, and leave it in His loving hands, for if our hearts ached at the sad sight, do you not think He who wept at the grave of Lazarus was moved too?

I do so wish it were possible to give friends at home an idea of the glorious spot we found after climbing the hill. It was like sitting in a vast amphitheatre. The sky was a perfect blue, flecked with delicate white clouds, and the glorious hills were literally preaching a perpetual sermon to us of their faithful, unchangeable MAKER, "our ROCK OF AGES."

> "How strong, how safe, how satisfied
> The soul that trusts in Him!"

We had a good time of quiet study until noon; then we had our usual prayer-meeting for the provinces, and realised the LORD'S presence. After this we had some dinner we had brought with us, and read a little of the April CHINA'S MILLIONS, just to hand. So much interested in the SHAN-SI news; it has set us longing afresh for the power, and we want the LORD to give us faith for showers on Peh-shih-kiai. There are signs of blessing here already, although the cloud is no bigger than a man's hand.

The houses we had promised to visit are in a hollow at the foot of the hills. The people had already seen and called out to us to come, so we went down very soon. The first house we called at there are two Christians—one an old woman of seventy, who often trudges over the hills to worship. Four or five other women came in, and about the same number of men left their work and sat quietly listening, also several children, whilst Miss Littler and the woman read and explained a chapter. We sang two hymns and had prayer twice; they listened very well indeed. One poor woman came to us with two very bad abscesses under her arm. We are continually coming in contact with cases of bodily suffering, and the poor creatures do look at us so eagerly, it is hard to be able to do so little for them. Cases of dropsy amongst children seem to be very common. At the next house we also had attentive listeners.

We then went to see a young woman who heard the Gospel some little time since, and seemed interested, but found she was from home; and after a little more talking we again climbed the hills, as it was late in the afternoon. On reaching the top, we sat down in a cool spot to rest before descending on the other side. The scene was quite different, but equally beautiful, and we gave expression to our feelings by singing "My faith looks up to Thee," and had a real good time of prayer. Soon after starting again we saw a young woman with a little child coming up the hill and smiling very brightly,

as though pleased to see us, and she proved to be the very woman we were wanting to see. On coming up to us she at once sat down on the grass, inviting us to do the same, as if for a talk. She then took some fruit from the bundle she was carrying and gave us.

Miss Littler and the woman told her the Gospel, and invited her to come to the service again. She said she did want to come, but her husband would not let her. We had prayer together, and of course felt full of praise that our FATHER had arranged for us to meet her.

The next drop in the cup of praise was the sight of the fields where we saw the poor distressed creature in the morning. We had asked the LORD to help her, and accordingly during the day some one had pumped water up into two of the four parched fields.

And I have yet another good thing to mention. There were seven outside men in to prayers to-night. Praise the LORD!

We have the great privilege of a Christian teacher. He is leading a very consistent life, and, we hope, in a quiet way seeking the conversion of his fellow-countrymen. With GOD'S blessing I do trust he will be a great help to me with the language. Going amongst the people makes one long more and more to be able to speak to them.

To-morrow is our day for fasting and prayer, and we are expecting a good time with the KING!

Brief Extracts.

Shen-si Province.

FROM MR. BOTHAM.

Han-chung, April 3rd.—"I have just arrived here from Ts'in-chau and Lan-chau, *en route* for work in the north of SHEN-SI, to try to open one of the large centres there.

"I greatly enjoyed my visit to Lan-chau, and had many opportunities of speaking for the LORD on the way. The KAN-SUH people, as I have seen them, delight to be friendly, and I have never had the joy of getting so near to the people as while in that province.

"The Ts'in-chau work was in a most prosperous state when I left. The Thursday evening class is well attended, generally there are over twenty men and boys."

FROM MR. PEARSE.

Cheng-ku, April 6th.—"Since our hall has been opened we have had large audiences daily. I am selling many calendars and parable sheets, with all of which I give tracts, besides some books, which go to country places all round us. The number of country people who come in daily and listen to the truth is splendid, and I am hoping for great things. I am so glad to be amongst the people, and to be able to be one with them as much as we are."

FROM MR. HUNTLEY.

Gan-k'ing, May 10th—"I have been in China now nearly six months, during which time I have been very happy. I do thank GOD that ever I came to Gan-k'ing, and that I have had the beneficial advice and kindly help of Mr. and Mrs. Baller, and also of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. They have done everything for our external comfort, as well as for our spiritual welfare. The society of so many loving brethren, too, has been more helpful than I can express.

"A question on my mind while on the passage out is now satisfactorily settled. It was, Could I love the Chinese? I felt that if I could not love them from my heart I should never have success in any work.

"Mr. Stevenson has paid us a visit, and has appointed fifteen of us to different stations. Messrs. Redfern, Bland, and I are to go to SHEN-SI. The stations in which we shall be located are not yet decided upon; this will be something for us to pray about on the way up the Han. We start on Monday next, the 14th inst., and, save a servant, shall have no escort. I think it is grand to depend thus upon GOD.

"They have had trouble in Han-chung lately. Pray that we may be made a blessing to our friends in that station when we arrive there, and that it may please the LORD to open up new cities for us to enter, in which we may unfold the blood-stained banner of the Cross. Pray also that we may be faithful in every little detail in the commencement of our work, so that ere long the LORD may entrust us with living souls to feed upon the living Word."

An entry by Albert in 1889

Baptisms at Cheng-hu, Shen-si.

FROM MR. A. H. HUNTLEY.

OCT. 20*th*, *Sunday*.—Very wet; but not sufficient to damp the zeal and love of those who are accustomed to meet on this day and worship the true GOD. Our little room was crowded out at the morning meeting, there being about forty present. In the afternoon we had another meeting, quite as well attended as that of the morning. It had been specially convened to examine candidates for baptism. This time, Mr. Pearse tried a new plan and examined them before the whole assembly, and not merely in the presence of the church. It seemed to answer capitally, for not only did the candidates by this means make a public profession of CHRIST JESUS as their only hope of salvation, but those present, I believe, were greatly benefited by the clear, unhesitating replies to the various questions.

GOSPEL TRIUMPHS.

It was grand to hear two carpenters, also the wife of one of them, tell how the power of GOD had enabled them to break off the habit of opium-smoking, which had held them in bondage for many years. Another, an *old* man, had been an enquirer seven months, and had succeeded in reducing his usual quantity of opium by more than one-half; in this way he was gradually giving it up. When he stood upon his feet and declared that he would yet have the full mastery over the enemy which now oppressed him, I thought younger ones present, who were addicted to the same habit, might well take courage. The old man will be retained as an enquirer, and will not be baptised until he is quite free.

The replies of those who came from a distance, and who, consequently, have but few opportunities of attending the means of grace, showed how truly they had been taught of GOD. One was a woman whose husband is not a Christian, and never comes near us. She walked ten *li* this morning, through mud and rain, such as many men would not care to venture through, in order to attend worship. After leaving her home and crossing several small rivers, she came to the large river, the Han, which, in consequence of the continual rains, was so swollen that no boats were crossing. Nothing daunted, she waited for several hours until a boat did cross, and then she came in time only for the afternoon meeting. Although she had received very limited teaching, she gave a reason for the hope within her, and showed every reason why she should be received amongst GOD'S people.

A young man came from a place sixty or seventy *li* distant—the only witness in that place. He is to be received and sent forth again with the prayerful hope that he may "become a thousand." Already he has created interest in his native place, and his younger brother professes to believe. His answers showed that he had read much, and had acquired quite an intelligent grasp of the Gospel. With this he shows that change of life and heart which only can make him a living epistle. I might say very much more of individuals, but must forbear now.

About twenty were examined, of whom perhaps fourteen will be baptised on Tuesday and received into our little company of saints, beloved of GOD. Truly GOD is good to dear Mr. and Mrs. Pearse, and has greatly blessed and owned their labours. I trust as I take up this work I may be no hindrance, but an instrument "meet for the MASTER'S use."

October 22*nd*.—This has been a very happy day, inasmuch as we have seen with our eyes and have heard with our ears much that makes glad the hearts of those who truly desire that CHRIST'S kingdom may come. Sixteen precious souls have been added to our little church, and have publicly

CONFESSED CHRIST BY BAPTISM.

We commenced this morning with a service at which many attended, so filling our hall as to make us wonder where next we may move to, in order to accommodate worshippers and listeners. The sixteen candidates for baptism sat in front, and as we looked upon their bright and happy faces, how could we but praise GOD, and take courage in the grand hope that China may *yet* be "for CHRIST." At the top of the list was an old lady of seventy-nine years, whilst the youngest was a boy of only twelve, who gave unmistakable signs of true conversion, and is the third of a Christian family—his elder brother being baptised with him. Praise GOD, this grand old Gospel proves the salvation of the very aged and of those of tender years in this land. Both are drawn by cords of Love—*Love* so strong that the chains of darkness and sin have no power to withhold them.

Before the baptism, Mr. Pearse gave the candidates opportunity of openly confessing CHRIST as their SAVIOUR before all present. Various questions put brought forth beautiful testimony of the power of GOD to save and reclaim those who were apparently irreclaimable. Opium-smokers told how that by trusting only in GOD (and not taking any opium medicine) they had broken off the habit of years. A Vegetarian with joyful countenance—the index of the heart—made known to us, that now his trust was not in the merit of his several years of Vegetarianism but in the merit of the blood of JESUS his SAVIOUR. Others, in various ways, testified to saving grace, and then joined in a prayer, led by Mr. Pearse, in which they consecrated themselves to GOD.

Mr. Pearse gave a very practical address on assurance,

and then the baptism was proceeded with. During the ordinance, great reverence was manifested even by the spectators from without; and, I trust, an impression was made for good upon those who have never yet thought of their soul's salvation. After baptizing four we sang a verse of "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice," and the same after each four candidates, finishing with the Doxology. All praise be to GOD, for He hath commenced doing great things: greater things are in store; for these consecrated disciples will go forth, some to a distance, and, I believe, become fishers of men. Already the outlying districts within this hien are having the Gospel preached to their inhabitants by these converts. Shall not GOD multiply them a hundred-fold?

After the baptisms were over a man named Ho, from Yang-hien, who had been for some time treated by Dr. Wilson, in the Han-chung hospital, came in and said that he had burnt everything of an idolatrous character about his house, and that he and his wife had determined to serve the true GOD. Furthermore, a friend of his was also interested, but was too aged to come to Cheng-ku and himself hear of the doctrine, so he had deputed his son to accompany Mr. Ho, and after hearing the Gospel, to take back the message to his father. The son, however, did not arrive, having been taken ill upon the road, and hence obliged to return. Mr. Ho, after spending the night here, determined to return again to-morrow, and if the young man had recovered, to bring him to spend next Sunday. Mr. Ho has also agreed that worship shall henceforth be held in his house, and that two of our church-members shall go at intervals and hold Sunday Services. I hope sometimes to go myself, and then with GOD'S blessing upon our united work, soon to have a church in Yang-hien!

October 23rd.—I had a good time of preaching in the street chapel, and was much assisted by one of our earliest members coming in to help to tell the glad news. It is good to listen to this man—he so sincerely believes and is so earnest in his pleadings with his fellow-countrymen. This afternoon went out to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Pearse—a farewell dinner given by one of the church-members. This evening a good prayer-meeting—four members from the Shih-pah-li-p'u Church to take farewell of Mr. and Mrs. Pearse, and also to send messages from that Church to the Churches at home.

A Frequent Testimony.

EXTRACT FROM MR. A. H. HUNTLEY TO MR. BROOMHALL.

CHEN-KU, SHEN-SI, *January 21st.*—My coming to China has truly been a blessing to myself, and also, I am rejoiced to know, to the poor heathen. Among those whom the LORD has given me is my teacher. He found it hard to come out and be separate; but, by GOD'S grace, he *has* come out very decidedly, and now when I am not using him in study he, of his own free will, preaches in the chapel. For him and some others, I do truly rejoice; and praise the matchless wisdom and grace of GOD, first for having led me to Himself through Jesus; and secondly, for having led me to this, the noblest of all Christian work.

If you are brought at any time in connection with any of my fellow-colleagues at the Pastor's College, please impress upon them what *real*, solid joy is given to those who follow out the SAVIOUR'S last command.

You may also tell them that I am happy in this GOD-given privilege, and since my stay in China (over two years) have never either felt any regret for having come, or desired to return and become one of those who bring up the *rear* of CHRIST'S grand army.

So those are just some of the clippings that can be found in the “China’s Millions”. A little searching on the internet will find you more…lots more…have fun!

Well, that’s it. If you’ve made it all the way through, thanks for sticking with Nellie—and with me. She wasn’t trying to impress anyone. Just telling it how it happened, one day at a time. That’s what I liked about her.

I hope you saw something in her story that made you stop and think, or maybe just smile. There’s a kind of quiet strength in these old words, and I’m glad they found their way to you.

Anyway… thanks again for reading.

Fred Coulter Great grandson hsordering@protonmail.com

From the narrow streets of 19th-century China to the wide skies of the Canadian west coast, Nellie Rogers lived a life shaped by courage, faith, and a quiet, determined strength.

Born into modest beginnings, Nellie answered a calling that carried her halfway around the world, where she learned new languages, faced danger, and served among the women and families of inland China. Her years as a missionary forged a resilience that would one day sustain her through an entirely different frontier — homesteading in Canada's British Columbia .

Through her own words, preserved letters, and family memories, this book traces Nellie's extraordinary journey — one of service, sacrifice, adventure, and an unshakeable belief in purpose. It is the story of a woman who lived with open hands and a steadfast heart, leaving behind a legacy that still reaches across generations.

Great great great grandaughter